

Nihil Obstat :

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Censor Dep.

Imprimi Potest :

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Archiep. Dublinen.

PASSIONIST



ALMANAC

DECEMBER

1937

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Wed.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. John (McMullan), C.P.—1934.
2 Thurs.	St. Bibiana, V.M.	
3 Fri.	St. Francis Xavier, C.	
4 Sat.	St. Peter Chrysologus, B.C.D.	
5 SUN.	✠2nd SUNDAY OF ADVENT.	Rev. Fr. Camillus (Carter), C.P.—1917. Rev. Fr. Finbar (Ward), C.P.—1926. Rev. Fr. Celestine (Whiteside), C.P.—1936. Bro. Benignus (Reidy), C.P.—1925. Rev. Fr. Placid (Waring), C.P.—1920. Rev. Fr. Charles (Byrne), C.P.—1933. Bro. Clement (Digney), C.P.—1895. Rev. Fr. Austin (Edgar), C.P.—1854. Rev. Fr. Justin (Muldoon), C.P.—1914 Rev. Fr. Chrysostom (Rothwell), C.P.—1922. Rev. Fr. Honorius (Welsh), C.P.—1929. Bro. Bonaventure (Kieley), C.P.—1883. Rev. Fr. Alban (Cowley), C.P.—1891. Rev. Fr. Wilfrid (O'Hagan), C.P.—1912. Rev. Fr. Basil (Moubert), C.P.—1912. Rev. Fr. John Baptist (Garvey), C.P.—1932. Rev. Fr. Philip (Byrne), C.P.—1875. Rev. Fr. Bertrand (Mangan), C.P.—1932. Rev. Fr. Leonard (Fryer), C.P.—1889. Rev. Fr. Hilary (Mara), C.P.—1925.
6 Mon.	St. Nicholas, B.C.	
7 Tues.	St. Ambrose, B.C.D.	
8 Wed.	✠THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. H.O.	
9 Thurs.	2nd day within Octave of Immac. Conception.	
10 Fri.	Our Lady of Loreto.	
11 Sat.	St. Damasus, P.C.	
12 SUN.	✠3rd SUNDAY OF ADVENT.	
13 Mon.	St. Lucy, V.M.	
14 Tues.	7th day within Octave of Immac. Conception.	
15 Wed.	Octave of Immaculate Conception. F.A.	
16 Thurs.	St. Eusebius, B.M.	
17 Fri.	St. Lazarus, B.C. F.A.	
18 Sat.	Feria. F.	
19 SUN.	✠4th SUNDAY OF ADVENT.	
20 Mon.	Feria.	
21 Tues.	ST. THOMAS, AP.	
22 Wed.	Feria.	
23 Thurs.	Feria.	
24 Fri.	Vigil of the Nativity. F.A.	
25 Sat.	✠THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD. H.O.	
26 SUN.	✠ST. STEPHEN, PROTOMARTYR.	
27 Mon.	ST. JOHN, AP. and EV.	
28 Tues.	THE HOLY INNOCENTS.	
29 Wed.	St. Thomas, B.M.	
30 Thurs.	Feria.	
31 Fri.	St. Sylvester, P.C.	

Abbreviations : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. F.A.—Fast and Abstinence F.—Fast only. Ap.—Apostle.
P.—Pope C.—Confessor. B.—Bishop. D.—Doctor. V.—Virgin. M.—Martyr.

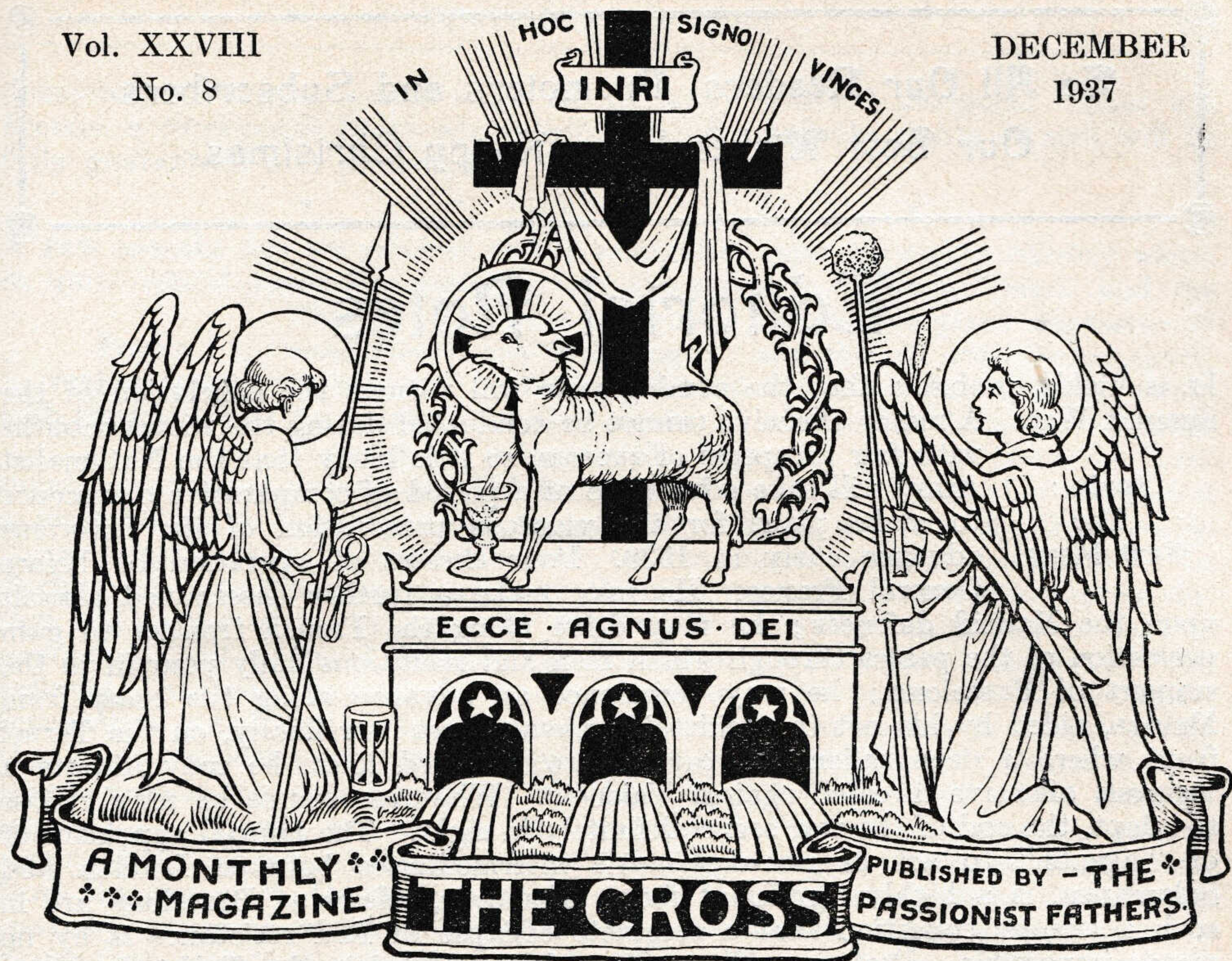
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Cheques and Postal Orders should be made
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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The subscriptions of the vast majority of our readers expire with the last issue of the year.

We respectfully request all concerned, therefore, kindly to send us their remittances for 1938 not later than December 20th. This will save much trouble both to them and to us, and will obviate the unpleasant procedure of sending further notification regarding the renewal of subscriptions.

We also ask our readers kindly to regard the delivery of the January No. of "*THE CROSS*" as a receipt for their subscriptions without any further acknowledgment. Many new features of special interest will commence in the January issue.

"*THE CROSS*" will no longer be sent to those whose subscriptions shall not have been received on the date mentioned above.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION (postage included) 5s. 6d.

To All Our Readers, Promoters and Subscribers
Our Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas

Editorial Notes

It is highly probable that the coming year will witness the conclusion of the Spanish War. A major offensive cannot be conducted during the winter months with fair prospects of success, so it is likely that the Nationalist Army will take advantage of a period of comparative quiescence to make plans for the vigorous prosecution of its victorious advance early in 1938. Four choices of operation lie before General Franco. He may make a further determined assault upon the Madrid defences; he may drive along the French frontier to gain possession of the passes through which men and munitions daily pour in to the support of Barcelona; he may commence an advance along the coast from Malaga, aided by his not inconsiderable naval forces; or finally, on the Teruel front where a deep salient drives far into the Red lines, he may initiate a vigorous offensive directed against Valencia. Whatever course he may choose to adopt, the end of the war seems definitely in sight. The mutual appointment of "agents" to act as non-diplomatic intermediaries between London and Salamanca, is a highly significant fact. Moreover, affairs at Barcelona are in such a chaotic condition that a complete collapse of Red resistance is by no means impossible. Professor Allison Peers has outlined in the *Tablet* the bitter internecine feuds that are rife in Barcelona, where the warring elements of the C.N.T., the F.A.I., the U.G.T. and the P.O.U.M. (Trotskyists) remain irreconcilable, united only by the flimsiest bonds of mutual self-protection.

* * * * *

FOR many months Barcelona has been terrorised by the fear of outbreaks on the part of the powerful Anarchist-Syndicalist federation. In May, the Anarchists seized the Telephone Building, and an attempt to dislodge them only succeeded after street fighting on a general scale. A revolution within a revolution almost took place, the total number killed and wounded being estimated at over 3,000. "That is the present position in Catalonia—and in Valencia-ruled Spain as a whole" concludes Prof. Allison Peers. "Courage never failing but victory only a dream, and the Popular Front rent by such schisms that nothing but knowledge of what its disruption must mean can be holding it together." No one could seriously suppose that such an irresponsible collection—it cannot be dignified by the name of "Government"—could successfully carry on the War very much longer. But when victory finally crowns the Nationalist arms, the real work will only have begun. The old Spain is dead, never to return. What will the future hold? The past has been broken with and whatever the faults that can be laid at the door of previous regimes, they have been purged by the blood of countless Spaniards who have offered the supreme sacrifice to save their country from falling under the tyranny of Marxist-Muscovite madness. In an interview given to a Spanish journalist, Nina Belmonte, quoted in *America*, General Franco has spoken of "the period of forgiveness" which will follow the fighting and which will ensure the regeneration and the salvation of the historic Spanish nation. "We shall clean-up the country of all the poison that has sickened her for so many years" he declared, "and end the caricature of

democracy that gave ample scope for so many political intrigues. Spain will become a corporative State where law and order and the rights of men will be fully guaranteed and protected."

* * * * *

A FEW months ago we referred to the remarkable and growing cordiality which in quite recent times has distinguished the relations between France and the Church. This new movement towards religious appeasement continues to gather strength; and the old anti-clerical spirit, in spite of outbursts of local spleen, is fast passing away.

France makes peace with the Church— An analysis of the results of the recent cantonal elections discloses no swing to the Left. In point of fact, the Communist candidates secured only 3.1 per cent. of the seats, though they conducted a most intensive campaign with propaganda which "catered for all tastes, in tones ranging from extreme violence to the most soothing meekness." In Parliament, owing mainly to a heavy Parisian vote, the Communist representation is 11.8 per cent.; so that the Popular Front policy can hardly be said to commend itself to rural France. M. Gaboriaud, who styles himself an "unbeliever," has published a remarkable manifesto in his paper, the *Ere Nouvelle*, formerly a noted anti-clerical journal, in the course of which he boldly states that "no political party to-day repels or ignores Catholicism." Taken in conjunction with the declarations of M. Herriot, ex-Premier, this would seem to indicate a complete reversal of the traditional Radical anti-religious policy. Again, there is a remarkable article published last August in *France de Bordeaux* from the pen of M. Guernut, former Cabinet Minister, in which he defends the courtesy extended towards the Papal representatives, "representatives of a State that mobilises against us neither fleets nor armies and creates neither submarines nor air-ship bases to cut our communications with the rest of the world. By virtue of the fact that the Papacy is but a spiritual power, we owe to it deference and respectful consideration at an hour when moral forces, however gravely neglected, still preserve their influence." These praiseworthy declarations must soon produce practical and far-reaching results in the religious sphere in France.

* * * * *

WHILST noting with satisfaction these tentative moves towards a happy solution of the problems which face the Church in France, it is saddening to find that the era of persecution still continues in Germany. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Catholic citizen in Germany to-day is practically an alien in his own land, subjected to insult and persecution. And the only reason for this is because the Catholic citizen, solidly grounded in the Faith and guided by its moral code, refuses to be swept off his feet by the new code of Nazi ethics, founded upon a degraded paganism. The totalitarian programme is being enforced in its most rigid and most obnoxious sense, and the individual must "bend or break." Efficient German propaganda has familiarised us from afar with that iron discipline that seeks to override every natural, individual, and human right in the supposed interests of national unity. The whole thing is so stupid, so senseless, so uncalled for, that it makes the beholder weep. Can there be any explanation of this national frenzy that has seized a whole people in its grip? *Quos deus vult perdere, prius dementat!* If Nazism is inseparable from State paganism, then it is doomed to perish. Nor can anyone accuse the Church of precipitating the conflict. In the face of insult and injury, the Holy See has contented itself with dignified remonstrance—yet its protests have been answered either with more insults or with renewed restrictions upon the sorely-tried Catholics of Germany.

The "Cross Annual"

1938

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PUBLICATION DATE : DECEMBER 11th.

Christmas would hardly seem complete without the appearance of the CROSS ANNUAL. The preparation of material for this annual budget of Christmas reading usually begins well in advance of publication-date, but as the time for its appearance draws near the Editorial Office becomes a scene of unusual activity. Would you like to peep behind the scenes and see what takes place? Scores of manuscripts have to be read through carefully before the final selection is made. Photographs stories, articles, poems and miscellaneous items are heaped in piles upon the Editorial desk—and from the midst of this apparent confusion the ANNUAL gradually assumes its form. Hurried conferences with printers and block-makers are interrupted by renewed calculations as every post brings in a fresh batch of orders for still more copies of the ANNUAL.

As usual, our December issue must go to press before our final arrangements for the CROSS ANNUAL are complete. We are unable, therefore, to give a complete list of the attractive reading which it will contain. However, we are happily in a position to state that amongst the many outstanding contributions which we have spared neither trouble nor expense to secure, will be the following:—

THE CROSS, 1938	The Managing Editor.
The Human Priest	John Gibbons.
A Question of Proof	C. B. J. Woollen.
The Crucified Church	Stanley B. James.
In Secret	Katherine Cholmeley.
St. Mary's, Belfast	Rev. P. Rogers, M.A., D.Litt.
Two Vocations	Francis J. Benson.
Christmas in Africa	Rev. Fr. Theodore, C.P.
The Only Way	Gerald Geoghegan.
Arms for the Battle	Rev. Robert Kothen.
Horatio's Philosophy	T. W. C. Curd.
A Cradle Song	Rev. Fr. Herbert, C.P.
The Secret Society	Mary V. Angel.
The Passionists in Australia	
Midnight at the Abbey	Eleanor M. Kelly.
Books for Christmas	Michael Walsh.
St. Paul and the Passionists	Rev. Fr. Edmund, C.P.
Angelina's Christmas Vigil	K. Ross.
The Sacrifice	John Coghlan.

Etc., etc., etc.

The above represents only a partial list of the contents of the CROSS ANNUAL, but we believe that it will cause our readers to look forward impatiently to the publication date : DECEMBER 11th.

Please remember that to be sure of a copy it is imperative that you order it in advance. Only a strictly limited number of copies is available. If you have not yet ordered your copy of the CROSS ANNUAL, please do so TO-DAY ! If you delay further, you may be disappointed.

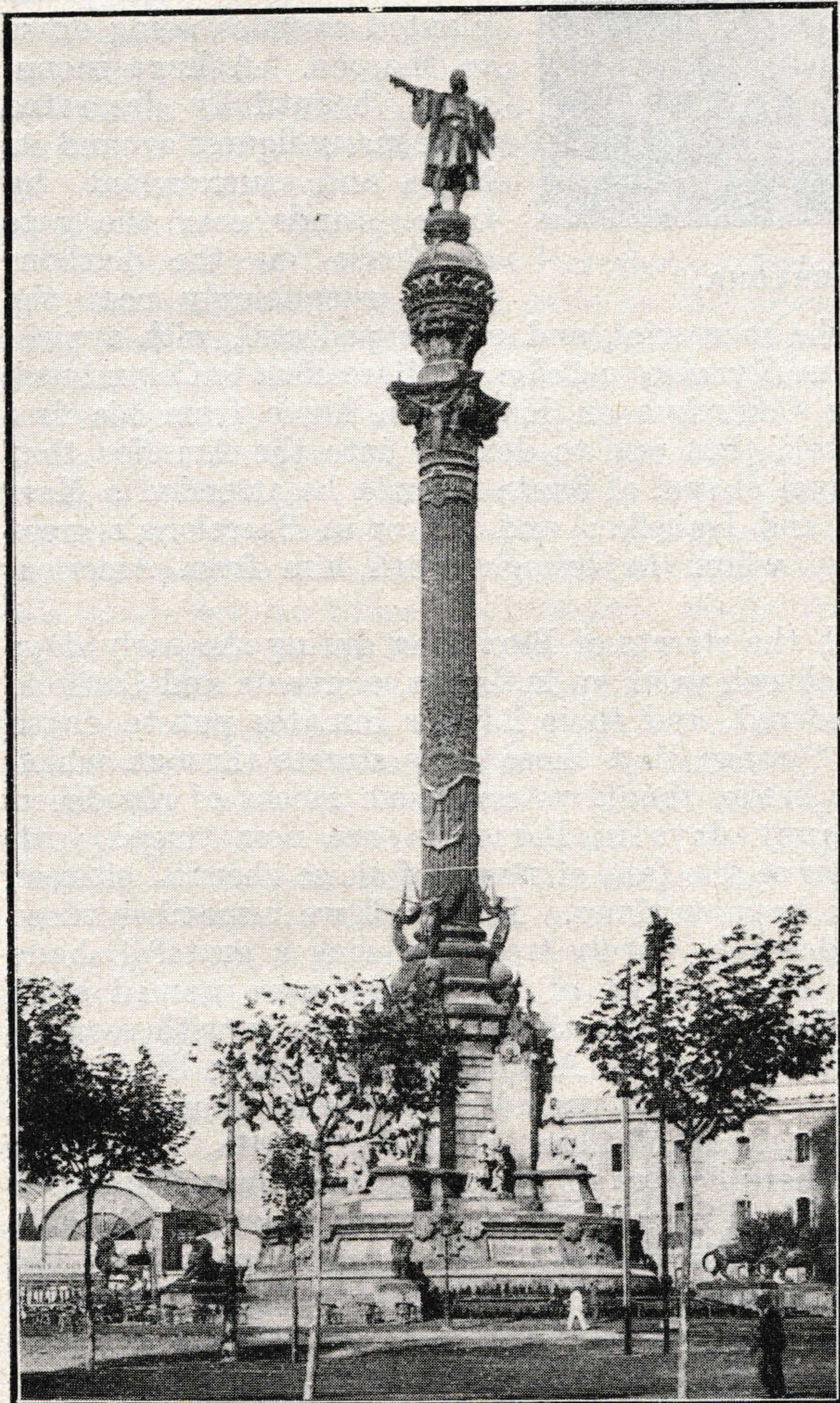
SPECIAL NOTE.

It is most important that Promoters, or those who require several copies for their friends, should despatch their order AT ONCE, if they have not already done so.

Tragic Barcelona

PAULINE FRANCIS

Barcelona is in the news again. Here is an account of a visit paid to the city in happier days. But the tourist's recollections are tinged with melancholy because of the fate that has encompassed this cosmopolitan city :: :: ::



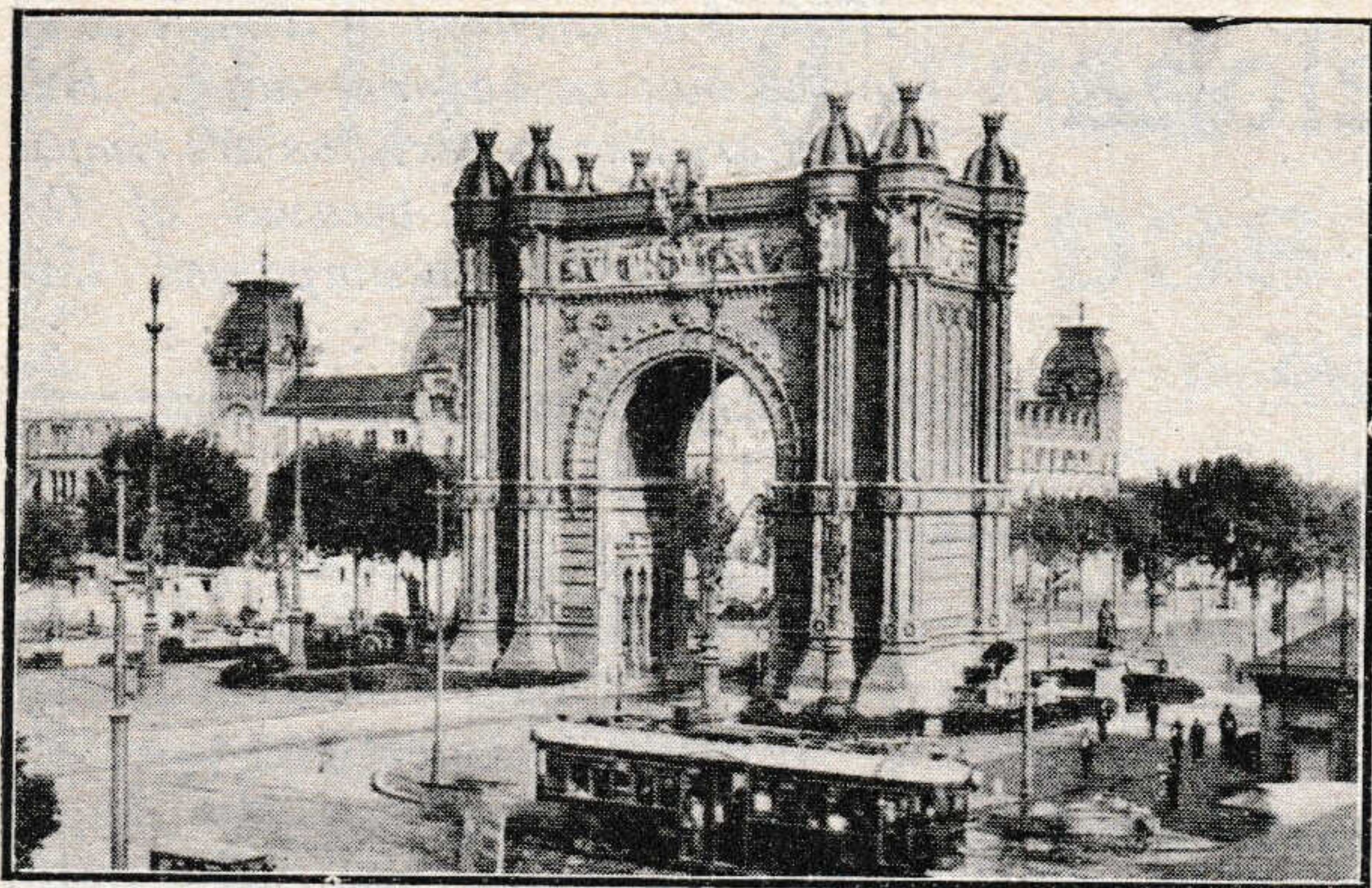
COLUMBUS MONUMENT, BARCELONA.

Lady, famed as the Black Virgin of Montserrat—which tradition says was the work of St. Luke, and which was brought to Spain by St. Paul or one of his companions.

The original Barcelona was a little city of flat-roofed buildings and narrow streets, enclosed by massive walls and fortified gates, founded some say by the Basques, but attributed by others to the Phoenicians. It is now generally believed that Hamilcar Barca, father of the great Carthaginian commander,

BARCELONA, whither the remnants of the "Red" Government of Spain have retired to make a last stand, is the most cosmopolitan city of Spain. Capital of Catalonia, centre of the Catalan Separatist movement, chief seaport of Spain, Barcelona is steeped in history and tradition—but its story alas, is marred by many a tragic and bloody page.

Hannibal camped here with his soldiers on his way to France and Italy; and the *Call de Portus*, where he crossed the Pyrenees in 218 B.C., is the same pass which is used by the motorist to-day—at least up to the time of the Civil War. Pompey and Caesar also came here with their invading armies, and in the Plaza del Ray, hidden within a building in the old town, can be seen the great marble columns which once supported a Roman temple in the days of Augustus. On the outskirts of Barcelona rises the Mount of the Holy Grail where Parsifal is reputed to have brought to a successful finish his quest for the Holy Grail. Here in a cave was found in the ninth century a wooden image of Our



ARCH OF TRIUMPH, BARCELONA.

docks. A great statue crowns the memorial, and on the pedestal, with typical Spanish politeness is the inscription *Barcelona a Colon*: "Barcelona to Columbus." To Barcelona came Christopher Columbus on his return home from his first voyage to that strange New World that was to develop into the America that we know to-day; here in the royal chapel of Santa Agenda he attended a Mass of thanksgiving with Ferdinand and Isabella; and it was in Barcelona's great Cathedral that the "Red Men" whom he brought with him from America, received their Baptism.

Stark tragedy stalked through the streets of Barcelona during the early days of the Civil War. Church after church went up in flames, convents and Catholic institutions were ruthlessly plundered, and their hapless inmates put to death in the most revolting fashion. Strange that those very streets through which we had passed only a short time before should witness such scenes of bloodshed and terror. Recollections of happy days in Barcelona are now tinged with melancholy, for we can only guess at the fate of many of those cheerful citizens who thronged its busy streets in happier times. How well we remember those wide streets, many of them bordered by lovely trees throwing a grateful shade upon the sun-baked sidewalks. Then, many of the streets were named after Saints, so that a walk through Barcelona was almost synonymous with reciting a litany, with the constant repetition of St. Antonio, St. Gervase, St. Pedro, and of course, Santissima Maria. Then, we passed magnificent Spanish homes with the most romantic names: Casa Matilda, Casa Marguerita, etc., with gardens such as one dreams of where flowers of every hue cast over them such a charm of loveliness that they seemed more of heaven than of earth. We little guessed then how soon men would make a hell of this seeming paradise. We remember the Plaza Cataluna—since re-named "Red Square," but only temporarily, so we hope—said to be the largest city square in the world. Without any statistics to fall back upon, we might be safe in adding that surely it is the most captivating. It once formed a playground for lovely children, so pale that one would never imagine that they were Spanish were it not for the large liquid eyes and dark hair—innocent, happy children, and I wonder how many of them have been spared in the butchery that has blackened the fair name of Barcelona.

Amongst the public buildings of Barcelona we recollect the *Casa de Correos y Telegrafos*, or General Post Office, which looked every bit as impressive as its high-sounding name. An imposing building, it occupies one side of a square where its high twin towers dominate the scene. Over the main entrance is a high decorative panel, surmounted by a huge crown, symbol of days that have since passed away into the limbo of forgotten things.

Hannibal, was its founder, and it derives its name from *Barcino*, the Spanish for Barca.

The Barcelona of to-day is a great modern city, with fine public buildings, broad thoroughfares and magnificent boulevards with palm-planted avenues going down to the sea. A huge monument, beautifully decorated with many figures around its base and surrounded by trees, stands near the gate of Peace on the harbour front, surprisingly near the

The Cathedral of Holy Cross, said to be the only church spared by the *petroleurs* in their orgy of rapine and destruction, is set in a narrow street, so that it is difficult to obtain a good perspective of its architectural beauty. It is in the Spanish Gothic style, with exceptionally wide arches. A curious old statue of the Madonna and Child stands, or used to stand, in the courtyard just outside. In a small, but exquisitely-decorated chapel near the door of the Cathedral is the famous crucifix of the *Christus del Lepanto* with the head drooping to one side. This crucifix was said to have been fastened to the masthead of the flagship of Don John of Austria when he triumphed in the famous Battle of Lepanto which smashed for ever the Turkish domination of the Middle Sea. Another curious sight was a large mask of a Moor's head fastened to the decoration immediately below the organ-gallery and in a most conspicuous position. This was reminiscent of the bad old days when the Moors, imitating the current customs of more civilised nations, spiked the heads of their prisoners on the walls of the town.

We found the Town Hall of Barcelona extremely interesting. A walk through the famous Council Chamber gave us an opportunity of viewing the beautiful floors and staircases, whilst the wonderful tapestries and paintings which lined the walls left us literally breathless with admiration. On a small pond in the courtyard some healthy-looking geese disported themselves, and rather surprised us by their unexpected presence. The keeping of geese there, it was explained to us, is traditional; they are said to be an excellent safeguard against nocturnal disturbers; the classic example of the geese which saved the Capitol at Rome finds its modern counterpart in modern Barcelona. Probably the geese have by this time been sacrificed to economic needs, for food in Barcelona under the "Red" regime is far from plentiful.

Barcelona boasts of possessing the largest Bull-ring in all Spain. The outer building is diagonal in shape, magnificent in construction, whilst its setting in avenues of shady trees enhances its imposing appearance. The Ring is open to the sky, with the seats in tiers, and the higher up seats are cheaper. The President's Box—which was formerly the Royal Box—is grandly decorated. Pictures of famous matadors ornament the walls high above the seats. We saw some bulls in their pens, and they looked peaceful enough, poor things! A young senorita from Seville was billed to fight four young bulls a few days after our visit, and we did not envy her the undertaking. They told us she is *mucho bonito* "very pretty," and we believed it; she looked so from the posters, but what will she look like when she has done with the four young bulls, if they have not done with her, we wondered.

We saw the little Chapel, which is about twelve feet square and contains an altar of Our Lady and Her Babe. Surely they have no more incongruous yet somehow touching sanctuary! While it seemed misplaced, it told us something, this little chapel. Listen to what it said: "Out there is a place of death; men come to fight bulls and to kill them, but sometimes the tables are turned, and they who come to kill die themselves. Men



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, BARCELONA.

take great risks out there with their bodies, but being faithful children of Holy Church they do not dare to take any such risks with their souls, and that is why the Chapel and the Priest are so very close to the Bull-ring."

Here the men who take part in the fight may go to Confession before the fight begins; and here, too, they sometimes receive the Last Sacraments, too, before it finishes. There is a small hospital also with two beds. They looked clean and all ready for the next fight possibilities. Would the pretty *senorita* from Seville require one of them! The operating table is of glass, and here first dressings only are applied. The wounded men are usually taken to the city hospitals afterwards. It is all very sad, but these are the necessary, if unpleasant, asides to the sport of bull-fighting. Someone told us a *matador* can earn a sum in *pesetas* equal to three hundred pounds in one afternoon. He can lose his life, too, but they did not stress that point.

Some Spaniards say that bull-fighting will eventually die out, and football take its place as a national sport, but at the present time, the former is still dear to the heart of the Spaniard, and flourishes accordingly. A large industry is carried on in breeding bulls for the ring, and many find employment therein.

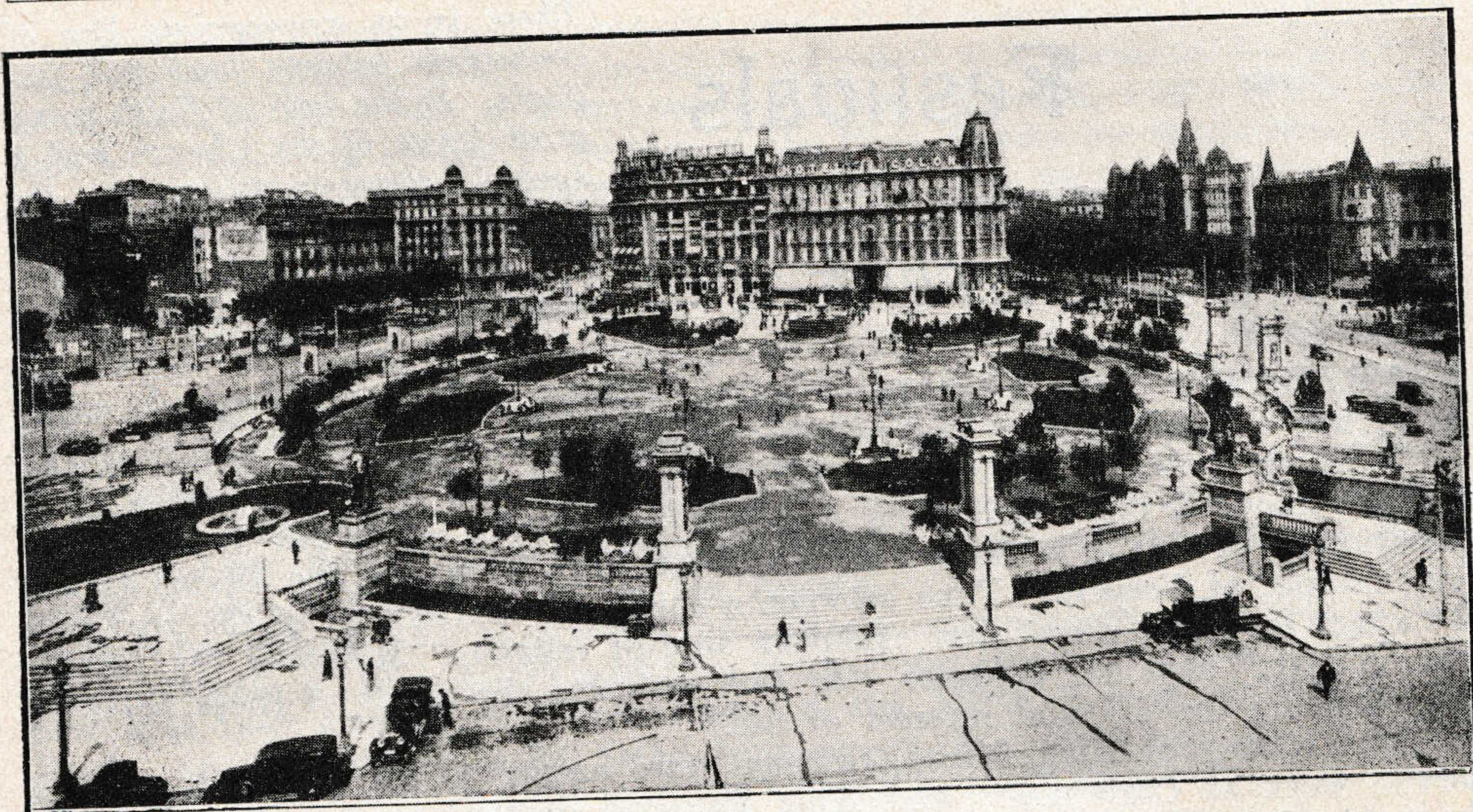
One afternoon we drove to the Benedictine Monastery of Montserrat, with its world-famous Black Madonna. Alas, it has since been sacked, and its monks either dispersed or slain. Two and a quarter hours of driving uphill all the way and through the most beautiful scenery imaginable. Vines flourished on our right almost all the way, with their bunches of luscious fruit practically hanging out in the roadway. Bare-looking, fantastically-shaped rock closed in around us, and the serrated mountains were always before us. The cars go very slowly as we climbed higher and grind along in low gear for long stretches: sometimes the road seems almost perpendicular, and we pass quaint little villages with unpronounceable names clinging to the brow of hills: so precarious do they appear that we wonder that they don't fall off!

The magnificent chapel of the Monastery and its surrounding buildings, perched on the mountain-top, was a breath-catching climax to our journey. Here was Spain's principal place of pilgrimage, and here over 60,000 people came annually and paid homage to the Mother of God and Her Divine Son. Young married couples come to pray that their union may be blessed with children. It will not be long, we pray, until they come again. The high altar is of gold with the Black Madonna and Child enthroned far above. Our Lady's cloak is cloth of silver encrusted with precious stones. We saw all these on our short little visit, for we were highly privileged in being allowed to go up behind the high altar to see and to kiss this precious relic.

Corridors and sacristies have their walls lined with glass-fronted cases, and in these are contained thousands of offerings in jewellery and other articles sent or left in thanksgiving for favours received. One exquisitely-carved box contained a bridal outfit of veil, wreath and prayer-book, the latter bound in silver. With these were earrings, two bracelets and a necklace, all of silver and in matching design. There were many pictures, some rather crudely done in cut wood work, with others painted, and these depicted scenes of accident. One represented a railway collision, another a child falling over a window, another someone in a sick bed. These and many others depicted the scenes of the preservation in danger or the recovery from illness. It was interesting to try and translate some of the favours written on cards which lay beside many of the gifts. One was as follows: "A thanksgiving for having been come to the light and to see the holiness of the Catholic Church."

The journey back could hardly be described. We were overwhelmed by the wonder of what we had seen and were still seeing; we seemed to be almost wrapped into another world of exquisite beauty.

Darkness came quite quickly as we left the mountains to come on to flat roads



PLAZA DE CATALUNA, BARCELONA.

PLAZA DE CATALUNA, BARCELONA.
Since re-named "Red Square," this is said to be the largest city square in the world.

again, picking our way in and out of country carts of all queer shapes and sizes, back to Barcelona. We must pay tribute to the marvellous driving on such difficult roads, on which a thin film of rain made more difficult for heavily-laden buses. We puzzled ourselves trying to discover where all the carts were going so late at night, and we were inquisitively interested in what many of their grotesque curtains or covers hid.

Thus we found Barcelona a little over one year ago. What horrors have come upon it since then. The terrors of Communism have swept its streets with blood. Tragic Barcelona! Tragic Spain!

As our liner left the busy port of Barcelona on a memorable summer's day we could not help thinking even then of the strange contrasts presented by the conflict of warring ideologies in Spain. Here we had the land of Teresa and John of the Cross, of Ignatius Loyola, Xavier, Francis Borgia, and many another glory of the Church of God. And yet in Barcelona, less than thirty years before, the famous Ferrer riots had anticipated on a small scale the horrors that swept across Spain in the early days of the Civil War. Ferrer, Freemason and agent of the Grand Orient, had led an outbreak lasting only two days. Yet in that very Barcelona churches and convents were given to the flames, hundreds were killed and wounded, and even then bodies of nuns were disinterred and left lying in the streets. How little we dreamed that the near future was to witness a similar outbreak on a nation-wide scale.

Yet, as we pen these lines there is ground for hope. Although the great Abbey of Montserrat has been seized by the "Reds," it is believed that the statue of Our Lady has escaped their sacrilegious fury. A Spanish priest has declared that the statue was removed by the Benedictines to safe custody, and the secret of its hiding-place is known to selected members of the community. When Barcelona capitulates to the Nationalist Armies—and no other fate seems possible—the Abbey will again become a place of pilgrimage for the sorely-tried Catholics of Spain. Such is our hope and prayer, as we close these lines with the battle-cry of resurgent Spain: *Arriba Espana! Viva Espana!*

Food and ~ ~ Festivals

.....@.....

MARIAN NESBITT

There is an appropriate line of connection between food and festivals. In the days of Faith many great feasts of the Church had a special commemoration in the family menu, as diversified as it was appetising :: :: ::

CHRISTMAS is traditionally a time of festivity and feasting, and so it is not inappropriate to trace a line of connection between food and festivals. History tells us that up to the time of the Great Apostasy, rather more than a hundred days—including Sundays—were kept as public holidays by cessation from servile work and assistance at Holy Mass and the Divine Office, for example, at Vespers. Thus between a third and fourth part of the year was set apart for these direct and exclusive acts of religion. Moreover, “it would not be easy,” says Fr. Bridgett, “to over-estimate the effect of these holidays in enhancing the joy and interest of life.”

By the laws of King Alfred, freemen were exempted for twelve days from servile work at Christmas; and King Ethelred decreed that “all St. Mary’s feast-tides be strictly honoured first with fasting and afterwards with feasting.” Food, therefore, played no small part in these celebrations, and Twelfth Night was not only a favourite evening for social gatherings amongst the people, it was also a great Court function as well. An exceedingly rich “plum cake” was one of the chief dainties, and the excitement culminated when this cake was cut, and the pea and bean which had been concealed within it were discovered by two of the guests who were immediately chosen king and queen of the revels—a custom said to have originated from the Medieval Mystery Plays where the Three Kings from the East are represented offering their gifts to the Divine Child in the Cave at Bethlehem. An authority of our own day, recalling these Plays, also remarks that “Mary Stuart is said to have attended a Twelfth Night party at which Mary Fleming was chosen queen.”

Of course there were many other “feasten cakes” at Christmas, especially in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Lincolnshire. In the moorland districts of the first-mentioned county—Yorkshire—there is a very highly-flavoured “Yule cake.” It bears some resemblance to what, in days gone by, used to be called in Denmark *peberkaga*—“pepper cake”—doubtless on account of the very strong ginger that was one of its principal ingredients; for it would appear that pepper was never connected even remotely with its composition. Curiously enough, it is unknown even in other parts of the same county, and when it is eaten, cheese is always placed on the table as a concomitant; just as cheese and apple pie go together in East Yorkshire at all seasons. In Lincolnshire, cream cheese is always handed round with apple tart as it is with the “curd cheesecakes” which are such a delectable and favourite form of “sweet” in that county. But even more important by far than the pepper cake in the North of England were the “Yule dows,” i.e., “small paste or dough cakes” kneaded into the figure of a child, and given by bakers to their customers in honour of Our Saviour’s Nativity.

On the Feast of the Circumcision there prevailed, amongst god-parents, in Coventry, the custom of giving triangular cakes in honour of the Blessed Trinity to their god-children. It must not be forgotten, however, that though such cakes may still be found in Coventry, in the Ages of Faith, they had five deep cuts on the upper side in memory of the Five Wounds of Our Lord. The price of these cakes varied, some being very cheap, “one or even two a penny,” but costlier and larger sizes might be obtained in shops for as much as £1 each.

Again, on this same Feast, it was customary in Worcestershire, for New Year's cakes called "blessing cakes," plentifully enriched with currants, to be given by the head of the family to every member of his household, whilst at the same time he invoked the special protection of the Holy Trinity for the coming year.

Amongst distinctively Christmas dishes—one eaten, as a rule on no other day but Christmas Eve, there is none so universally popular in the North as *fermety* or *frumety*—a word evidently derived from *frumentum*. Needless to say, it is prepared from wheat over which milk has been poured. It is then set on the fire to boil, and sugar, nutmeg, and spice are added. In Lincolnshire, where the same dish is probably much appreciated still in country places, raisins or "plums" as they are locally called, are mixed with the *frumety*, making it so lusciously sweet as to be quite unpleasant. If people have no wheat of their own, they always beg some from one of the neighbouring farmers. With this object in view, the boys go round the adjacent villages and the outlying farmsteads on the Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle.

It is beyond question that many old customs connected with the food on the great festivals of the Church and also during the penitential season of Lent, have held their ground much more firmly in the North of England than in the South; and though by far the larger number are fast falling into disuse, in the few which still survive we can trace the last lingering gleams of a Faith that once burned brightly throughout the length and breadth of the land.

There were quite a quantity of cakes and puddings peculiar to Lent. We all remember Shakespeare refers to the pan-cake. "As fit as a pan-cake for Shrove Tuesday," he says. This well-known dish continues to hold a first place in popular favour. It is eaten not alone on its own particular day, but all the year round. Such is not the case, however, with Hot Cross Buns, which are only eaten on Good Friday, though the immense numbers of persons who would not dream of omitting them from their bill of fare, for the most part are wholly ignorant that our Catholic forefathers ate them in memory of the Sacred Passion. For the same reason the buns are always spiced in remembrance of the spices used when Our Lord's Body was laid in the tomb. If the buns were baked on Good Friday, as, of course, they usually were, it was generally supposed that they would never become mouldy, no matter how long they were kept.

Passion Sunday, the fifth Sunday in Lent, was not without its own special dish, it cannot be called a pudding. It is eaten in Yorkshire even at the present day, and is composed of grey peas (dried peas), fried with bacon or butter. The Cleveland Dale folk made it a rule always to get their peas from Whitby beforehand, and it is quite a well-known saying with them that it "would not be like Carling Sunday without the peas," which in that form were called "Carlings." Authorities also tell us that these "Carlings" were eaten on Palm Sunday, a day then often called "Fig Sunday," owing to the fact that dried figs were in some districts consumed in large quantities, while in other places "a figgy pudding" for dinner was the chief dish amongst the farm workers. It was sometimes made of dried raisins or currants, but always went by the same name, that name evidently being associated in the popular mind with the Gospel for the day which describes Our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem and His cursing of the barren fig tree.

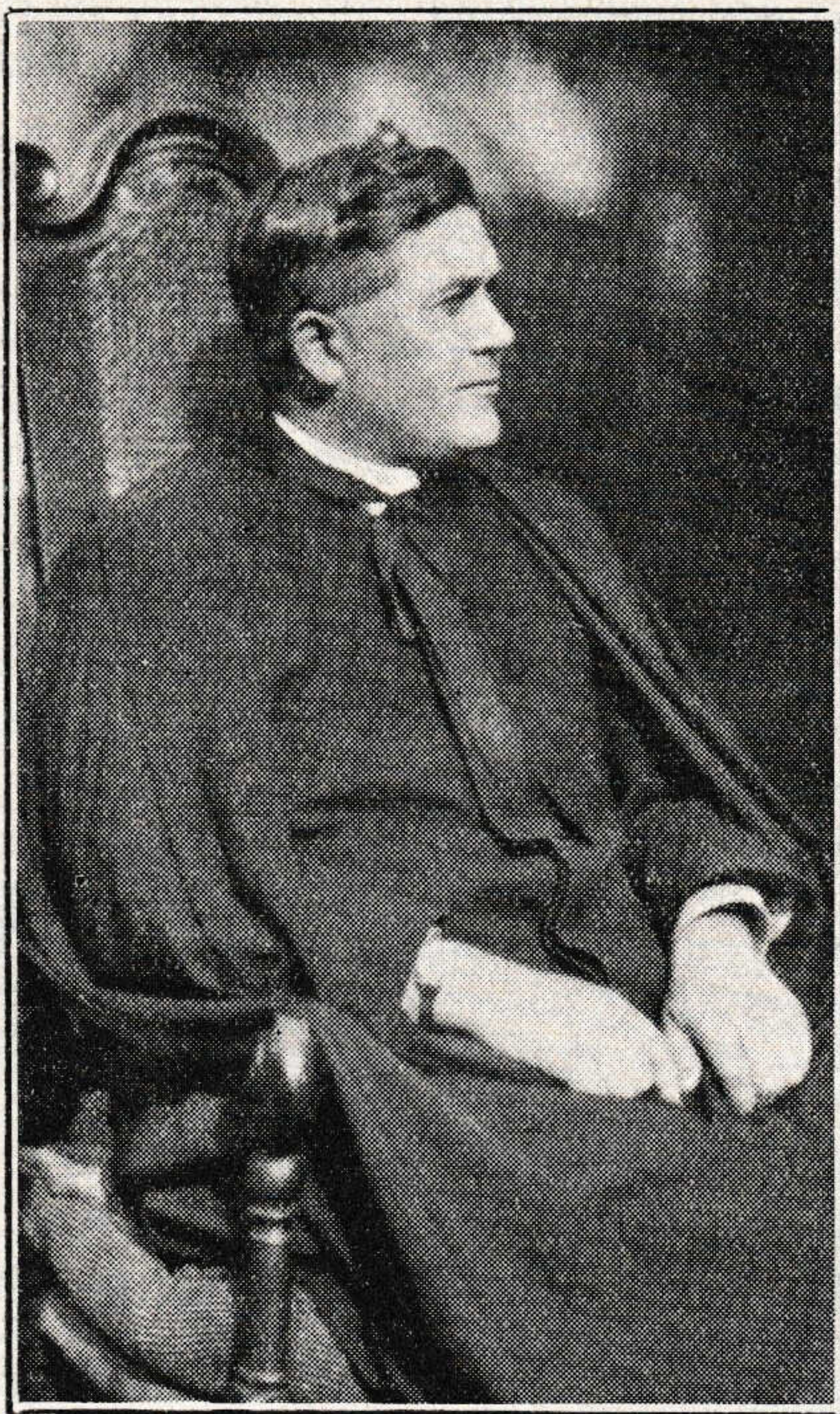
It is, moreover, exceedingly interesting to find references in old records to "Passion Puddings and Cakes" which appear to have been made either of the tansy herb or with leaves from the "Passion" dock. Both would have been equally bitter to the taste—in fact, most disagreeable, and both were intended to commemorate the Jewish Passover and Our Lord's most bitter Passion; probably also the cup given Him to drink when hanging on the Cross.

The Easter cakes were, it need not be said, extremely rich, often like a very sweet short-bread. There were also cakes and pies for certain Saints' Days,

such for example as "Tanders" and "Katterns," so-called because they were so much enjoyed on the festivals of St. Andrew and St. Katherine. These Saints were the patrons of lace-makers and weavers, therefore, in those counties where these industries were extensively carried on, the "Tanders," or Tandry pies were made for St. Andrew's Day, and the "Katterns" for St. Katherine.

"Clemency cakes," peculiar to Berkshire, were made on St. Clement's Feast; but the point for us is that these memorials of the past speak to us in a language which can neither be misunderstood nor denied of an England which was commonly called "Our Lady's Dowry," not alone in these islands, but throughout Europe—an England where religion was verily the inmost fact of each man's existence, where the teaching and practice of Christ's Church formed the guiding principle—if imperfectly and haltingly followed—of each man's individual life—that England for whose return to the ancient Faith, the great St. Paul of the Cross so continuously suffered and prayed, as his devoted sons have done, and continue to do, to this day.

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FR. MARTIN DEMPSEY
Catholic Missionary Society,
London.

the Beda College, Rome. Those who have read his former series of articles in THE CROSS will realise the treat in store for them during 1938. The series will commence in the January issue. We earnestly recommend all readers to renew their subscription promptly or to place an order with their newsagent at once.

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Announcing A New Series by FR. MARTIN DEMPSEY

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WE are happy to announce that we have secured a brilliant new series of articles from the pen of Fr. Martin Dempsey. Well-known as the author of many popular books, *Servants of the King*, *The Way of the Queen*, *Journey to Rome*, etc., Fr. Dempsey has chosen for this new series a fascinating title that introduces a more fascinating theme. Under the title

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Fr. Martin Dempsey, who is a well-known member of the Catholic Missionary Society, London, completed his ecclesiastical studies at

The Greater ~ Light

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W. G. BALDWIN

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Telling how Brother Thomas carefully tended the lamp of the sanctuary, and kept its little red flame burning clear and bright—and how a sinner came home.

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BROTHER THOMAS sat at a low trestle table in the little room adjoining the sacristy, polishing the red glass of the sanctuary lamp. Regularly every Saturday morning, for more than twenty years, ever since the day when he was appointed sacristan, he had done this same task. To him it was a labour of love, and one he took special care over. Sometimes one of the younger Brethren would, in his charity, offer to help the old man, now frail and bent with the weight of eighty odd years, and he would let them do so gladly in some things, but not all; and the sanctuary lamp was one of these. Always the ruby glass was carefully polished with a clean duster kept specially for that purpose, so that the light within burned bright and clear.

"Everyone sees the lamp when they come into the church," Brother Thomas was heard to say, "and at night, when no one is there, it is fitting that the dear Master should still have homage paid to Him just the same, for the Angel Guardians of the Tabernacle are always there, and who knows? At any hour there might be a sick call."

Of late Brother Thomas had not been feeling too well. The church and little room where he kept the things belonging to it, seemed to be getting dark, even when the noon-day sun filtered through the stained-glass windows, making the brass candlesticks shine like burnished gold, with the careful polishing those wrinkled, parchment-coloured old hands had given them. And the sandalled feet would shuffle, while the hand shook, and looked very white against a worn black habit, as Brother Thomas slowly poured oil into the lamp from a glass jug.

Father Superior knew, and the rest of the Community knew and saw these signs, but they refrained from making any comment, lest it should grieve Brother Thomas, and take from the happiness he felt in performing a duty that to him had long ago become a pleasure.

"Just once more, dear Lord—just once—if it be Thy Will," the old man would murmur, when sometimes he had to stop and rest awhile. "I know the old body is slow and tired, and will not do its work like it used to, but if it please Thee, let its last act be serving Thee."

This particular morning Brother Thomas felt weary in mind as well as in body. He laid down the polished red glass with a gentle sigh; and his mind went back to the time fifty—or was it sixty?—years ago, when he was not old, but young and strong, full of the *joie de vivre*, blessed with a good share of this world's goods, and from a worldly point of view, with a future splendid indeed.

The time when Brother Thomas, or Thomas Ryan, as he was called then, exchanged all his temporal prosperity for something far better, came after a big sacrifice he once made. To save a younger brother from ruin and disgrace when a large sum of money was missing from the business where they both were in partnership, he sold all he had to make good the loss. No one knew there had been a thief. No one knew of the sacrifice either, and no one knew the real cause behind a quarrel between the two brothers, when one disposed of his share in the business and went to Australia, and the other also left his home town without a word of farewell to any living soul. Only Brother Thomas knew, and what he knew he never said, for it was not the giving up of his money for his brother's sake that had brought about this change in two lives.

It was when the younger man, in a fit of temper, had one day thrown a Rosary on the ground at his elder brother's feet, saying he had done with religion, and would never enter a church again, that Brother Thomas quietly picked up the beads, and placing them on the table, with the words "May God forgive you, Michael, for that insult to His Mother"; had walked out of the room without speaking again.

"Fifty years ago, Mick, and you never even wrote once to let me know you are still alive! Maybe he is dead, or I should have heard or had news of him in some way long ago. Ah well! It is the dear Master's Will. I did what seemed to me the best thing at the time."

Thus the old man was thinking; then the red lamp glass resting on the table awakened him from his reverie.

"But I must fill the lamp and light it," he said, half to himself, as his hand reached out to grip the edge of the table and help the tired old body to rise. "People will be coming to Confession soon, and the Master must have His light so that they will know He is there, and will honour Him. Just once more, dear Lord, if it please Thee."

The white, wrinkled hands fitted the long wick into its china support firmly, with an ease acquired after long practice. The sandalled feet shuffled across the thick altar carpet, and one white hand bore the ruby glass, and the other a glass jug full of oil, which shook a little as Brother Thomas carefully filled the lamp. It all seemed very slow, and to take a long time, but there was the ruby glass filled to the top. Now the taper applied to the wick, and the lamp raised up into its rightful place. The red light burned steady and clear before the Tabernacle.

The Master within saw that it was good, and He was well pleased, and the Angel Guardians of the Tabernacle were filled with joy because the Master was pleased, and with wonder too, for had He not said "I will show you a great mystery. Let there be light"; and they knew not what marvel it could be. Even as the Master spoke, Brother Thomas, back in his little room near the sacristy, said: "How dark it seems! I think I will draw that blind up a little higher." So, because the Master had willed it, a ray of sunlight streamed right across His sanctuary; right through the lamp, causing the ruby glass to glow like a living blood-red flame.

Someone entered the church and knelt down in a bench near the back. The Angel Guardians of the Tabernacle beheld the lamp aflame with a far greater light than usual; marvelled at the beauty of it, and at what the mystery could be. Then the Master spoke again, and they heard and understood.

So did one kneeling at the back of the church who, looking up, saw the lamp aglow with its greater light. "The burning wick is like unto the soul which I created. The glass vessel containing oil is like to the body. The sunlight shining on both is like to the graces I give, especially through the Sacraments, which in no wise destroy the lesser light, the life I also gave, but rather strengthen and increase it in such a way within, that its influence is felt outside the body, and is known by those who feel it, to be the greater light, and power which comes from Me."

"I had better see if the lamp is burning properly," thought Brother Thomas, slowly going back into the church again.

"What a fool I have been to try and live all these years, without God; without that Greater Light!" thought the one kneeling at the back.

"Here comes a priest. I wonder if he would hear my Confession. God knows how many years ago it is since I last made one."

Brother Thomas found the lamp burning, still bathed in sunlight, so that the tiny flame could hardly be seen at all. "It is very beautiful! Never have I seen it look quite like that before," he thought. "It might almost be a chalice

containing the Most Precious Blood from the Sacred Wounds of the dear Master ! 'Tis said that during His Passion, Angels collected every Drop in a chalice, lest the tiniest Particle should be lost."

But someone was speaking ; asking something about the Confessions, and about a very long time ago.

" Yes, Father Superior himself will soon be hearing Confessions," he said.

" What did you say ? ' So many years ago ? ' Well, never mind ; all the more reason to go now. Father Superior will help you. He is very kind. A stranger did you say ? No ? Not a stranger, but you have been abroad a long time. In Australia, did you say ? I am a little deaf. Ah, well ! I once had a brother who went there. Tell me, did you ever meet or hear of anyone named Ryan—Michael Ryan ? "

The stranger did not reply for a moment. He was looking closely at the old lined face, and the bent figure wearing a worn black habit bearing on it the emblems of the Passion.

Then he said : " Why ! that is my own name."

The old man heard, but never spoke. Instead he gripped both the stranger's arms, and looked at him very hard. Then his old eyes caught sight of a Rosary made of Irish horn in the other man's hand, and he knew.

" Then it is indeed you, Mick, come back after all these years," he said, struggling to keep back the tears of joy.

" May God be praised ! But you might have written, Mick. Do you not remember ? That Rosary—and Tom, your brother ? "

" May God and Our Lady forgive me, and may you forgive me, too, Tom," was all Michael Ryan said, for he also felt greatly moved.

But Brother Thomas did not hear, and could not speak. So overcome was he that he felt he must be alone for a while, and turned to seek out his little room near the sacristy.

" Did someone ring the confessional bell ? " asked Father Superior, coming out of the sacristy and meeting Brother Thomas on the way.

The old man walked on as if in a dream, and it was Michael Ryan who answered.

" It is I, Father, who badly need to go to Confession, but I did not ring the bell, nor see anyone touch it."

" No matter ; come now. I will hear you, and may God bless you, dear son," said the good priest.

Half an hour later he went back through the sacristy, and chancing to look in through the open door of the little room adjoining it, saw Brother Thomas lying back in his chair as if asleep. The Crucifix rested in the white hands, and the old lined face bore an expression like that of a happy child ; for his last wish had been granted, and far more besides.

The red light still burned steady and clear before the Tabernacle.

The Master within saw that it was good, and He was well pleased, and the Angel Guardians were filled with joy because the Master was pleased, for the one faithful old servant who had entered into the joy of his Lord, and over the one sinner doing penance, and they gave glory to God in the highest, Who had given such power to men.

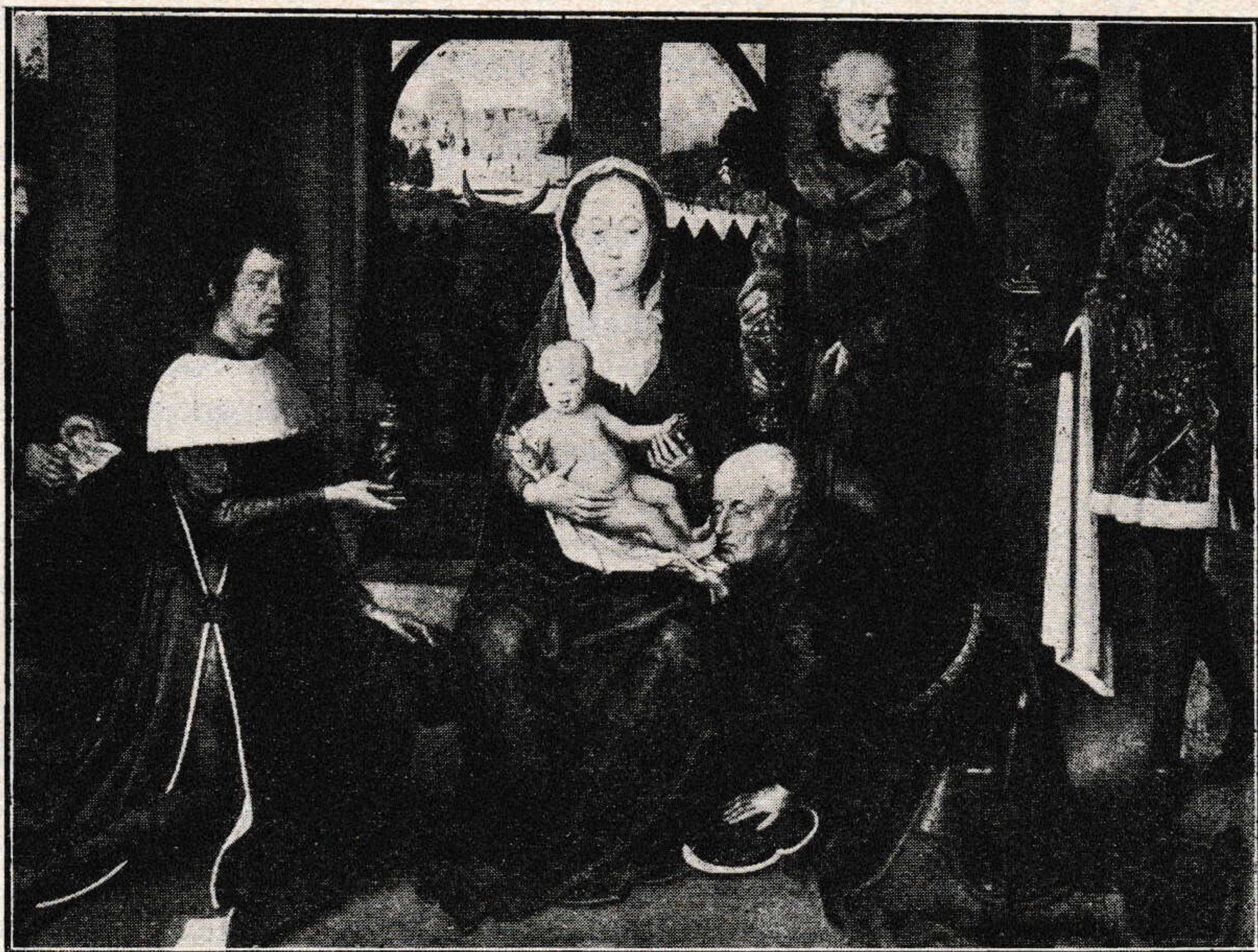
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The First Christmas Day

*On a cold December morning
With the moon still in the sky,
I raised my head and list'ned
To a gladsome lullaby.*

*The sheep lay round on the frosty ground,
Tired shepherds their watch were keeping,
Ere the dawn broke through with its radiant hue
On the snow-clad world that was sleeping.*

*But a vigil was kept while that cold world slept
At the door of a manger bare,
By a Mother mild, o'er a little Child,
And Joseph meek was there.*

*Poor shepherds too, with offerings few,
And three wise Kings from the East
Came, homage to pay on that first Christmas Day,
They were joined by the mild dumb beast.*

*On that cold December morning
With the moon still in the sky,
Who sang the gladsome tidings?
The Angels upon high!*

M. M. KEANE.

The Double Event

CONOR J. WHELAN

“What on earth possessed you to go to the trouble of returning the book to a complete stranger?” she asked calmly.

Ted flushed and became tongue-tied.

“It wouldn’t occur to you that I might have left the book on purpose” she continued.

THEY were nearing Bristol on their way down South; the brothers Lovett. Ted, the younger, with a perpetual grin, and an eye for all the beauties of Nature (human and otherwise) was the observer. Dark, sober-faced Alan was the pilot.

“We’re eating up the miles like a super-charged Bentley,” yelled Ted, exultantly. “Step on it, boy! . . . ‘I do like to be beside the seaside’,” he chanted.

“Dry up!” grunted Alan, rolling a cigarette between his lips. “Time enough to sing when we get there.”

“Aren’t you an optimist, brother?”

“You never know. Anything might happen.”

Sure enough, you don’t. A quarter of an hour later, something suddenly went snap; the car gave an ominous lurch. Alan stepped hard on the pedal, and he applied the hand-brake forcibly. They came to a standstill.

For a moment they exchanged glances. Alan’s look spoke volumes. But Ted soon recovered his grin.

“Something wrong, apparently?” he said.

“You don’t say, Sherlock,” sighed his brother.

“I’ll investigate, Watson,” cried Ted, and he vaulted over the side of the touring car.

In a moment he was back to report.

“Brother! we’ve struck a rock! We’re wrecked!”

“What is it?” gasped Alan.

“Back spring busted. One of its nine lives—I mean—leaves—has come asunder.”

Alan groaned as he climbed stiffly out of the car.

“If you hadn’t been so infernally cheerful,” he growled! “You would challenge the Fates!”

“Why worry? We have a fortnight to get there.”

“Idiot! . . . H’m! well, we’ll have to ’phone through to the Service Depot at Bristol and get them to send us a new spring.”

“Good! There’s a village in sight, and—”

“Looks as though we shall be compelled to stay there the night.”

“Fine! Give me the unexpected every time. There’s always a possibility of adventure, romance and so on. It’s a lovely spot, a beautiful day—”

“Cut off and find a call-box, before I give you a thick ear! Get the depot to send a mechanics’ squad right away. While you’re at it, ring through to Torquay and tell Mrs. Morris we’ve had a breakdown.”

“Ay! ay! skipper!” Ted stepped out briskly with a whistle on his lips. Alan lounged back into the car.

Presently, Ted was back again.

“There’s a jolly, old rustic private hotel around the bend there” he reported, “they’re on the ’phone. Supposing we shove ‘old Rufus’ that far, and park there the night?”

"It's inevitable, I suppose," sighed Alan. "All right, get behind and shove I'll steer."

Ted was a "willing horse," with pride in his own strength, so he obeyed without demur.

A few minutes later they were surveying the façade of a dilapidated old building, whose windows were covered with dingy, grey curtains. Ted mopped his brow. Alan puffed his eternal cigarette.

"Looks to me like a crematorium!" he said, moodily.

"Any old tomb in a storm, brother. Do we proceed?"

"Unfortunately, we have no alternative."

Mrs. Fritch was a tall, thin lady, with kindly eyes in careworn features. Her face brightened when she saw the potential visitors. She showed them into a bedroom which appeared to have been furnished in the Victorian Era.

When they had made themselves presentable, they came downstairs into the parlour-cum-dining-room, which was large and airy.

"First," said Alan, "I'll get through to the Service Depot," and he passed out into the hall.

Ted, with all the inquisitiveness of youth, sauntered around the room and examined everything with keen interest. His eye lit on a book-shelf, and he scanned the volumes closely. Picking out the Visitor's Book, he began to peruse it with an amused smile. He was still so engaged when his brother returned.

"Say, listen, brother," cried Ted. "Truth indeed is stranger than fiction. *'Came for a night. Stayed a week. Lumbago. Pat Flanagan.'* *'Try Mrs. Fritch's flitch: Shakespeare's own Bacon.'* Ow! What humour!"

"Truly—puerile!" remarked Alan, as he lit a cigarette.

"You know, I like reading these books. They're jolly interesting! For instance, Adam himself is here. Adam Rogers, of San Francisco, Calif., pushing a trail for the wilds of Lancashire. John Tipper, of Sydney, Australia, bound for Bournemouth. . . . Say, listen, this is interesting: Lucy Ackroyd, of our own hometown, No. 5 Bramble Avenue, Briarvale."

"Never heard of her!" grunted Alan. "Wonder how long those mechanics will be."

"Don't you think it's a startling coincidence?"

"It would startle me if they came within two hours."

"Who? What? . . . Brother," sighed Ted, good-humouredly, "you are a delightful companion!"

"Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks. Another smoker like you in the family and we'd all be bankrupt."

Ted put back the Visitors' Book, and then he rummaged among the other dusty volumes.

"I say!" he exclaimed, as he withdrew a thin book, "here's a rose among thorns, so to speak. . . . *Mystical Flowers from Calvary: Maxims from the Writings of St. Paul of the Cross*, and it's cheek by jowl with Nonconformist literature. . . . Queer, isn't it?"

"I've no time for religion," growled Alan, stalking restlessly round the room. "Where are those darned mechanics?"

"H'm!" mused Ted, as he skimmed the pages, "*I haven't devoted much time to the subject for sure. . . . 'Something for every day in the year.'* . . . This fellow lived in a different world than we do."

Alan Lovett crossed to the window, drew back the curtains and glanced up the road.

"Confounded nuisance!" he growled, as he fumbled in his pockets. "Gosh! No cigarettes left! I'll have to go and search for a tobacconist."

Ted Lovett turned to the fly-leaf of the book.

" 'To Lucy—From Bernard'," he read.

Lucy. . . . Lucy. . . . He puckered his brows. . . . I wonder, he whistled, as Alan passed out.

Just then, Mrs. Fritch came in to lay the table for tea.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fritch," said Ted, with his widest grin, "but is it long since Miss Ackroyd stayed with you?"

"Miss Ackroyd?" Mrs. Fritch's face beamed. "Why! no, only about a month ago. She came with a small party. A delightful person! Are you acquainted with the lady, Mr. Levitt?"

"Lovett, ma'am, pardon me! No, I don't exactly know her, but the name seems familiar. We come from the same town, Briarvale."

"Fancy that now! And that reminds me—" She broke off, crossed to the book-shelf and inspected the dusty tomes, "the lady left behind her—Now, where can it be?"

"Does *this* happen to be the book you're looking for?" asked Ted, with well-simulated innocence.

"Ah! yes, that's the very book! I am afraid I am not in sympathy with the writer. No doubt he meant well. You know, I kept intending to return it to Miss Ackroyd, but you know how things slip one's mind when one's so busy during the summer season?"

"Quite! If you wish—if I could?—"

"I'd be truly grateful, Mr. Lovett."

"I'll be delighted to restore the book to its lawful owner, Mrs. Frutch."

"Fritch, if you please, Mr. Lovett."

"Certainly, ma'am."

Ted was still wearing a thoughtful grin when Alan returned, with furrowed brow and a sulky droop about the corners of his mouth.

"Moth-eaten place!" he complained, "the only blessed shop is shut. . . . Not a cigarette to be had."

"Why! there's an automatic machine on the sideboard there," replied Ted.

"Thanks, old man, you've saved my life," cried the slave to Lady Nicotine.

" 'To Lucy—From Bernard' " sighed the younger brother, " 'the fly in the ointment' ."

Alan frowned: "I've told you before not to go about without your hat. Exposing the head and neck to the direct rays of the sun affects the nervous system."

"Eigh?" Ted stared, then, comprehending the significance of his brother's remark, he burst out laughing.

* * * *

A fortnight later, they returned from their holidays. The return journey was made without accident or incident of any kind whatsoever. On the day following their arrival back in Briarvale, Ted Lovett called at No. 5 Bramble Avenue. A pale-faced, bespectacled young lady appeared in answer to his ring.

"Miss Ackroyd?" he queried.

The lady replied in the affirmative.

"Well, I've a book here which you left behind at Mrs. Fritch's, in Waterhead village."

"Oh! that must be my sister's book. Thanks so much. She's not home yet. Won't you come inside and wait a few minutes?"

"Sorry, I'm rather pressed for time. Glad to have been of service and all that, you know."

"Oh! but you must leave me your name and address. I'm sure my sister would like to write and thank you for your thoughtfulness."

"The pleasure was mine. . . . Still—my name's Lovett, Edward Lovett, and I reside at No. 11 Penrith Avenue. Good-day, Miss."

The incident had practically faded from Ted Lovett's mind, when it was revived by the receipt of a scented envelope, addressed in a dainty feminine hand with violet ink. With a slight tremor of excitement, Ted slit the envelope, extracted a sheet of hand-made note-paper, and read the following :

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It was extremely kind of you to return the book, *Mystical Flowers*, etc., which I left on the shelf in Mrs. Fritch's apartment house. I also left an 'impression' there. Did you, by any chance, bring that back with you ?

"I consider it a great pity that men will interfere in women's business.

"Yours very truly,

LUCY ACKROYD."

"Well, that's the giddy limit!" exclaimed Ted, forcibly. "Talk about man's ingratitude to man! . . . What does it all mean? I'll demand an explanation."

So, that evening, urged on by righteous indignation—plus a large amount of curiosity—Ted repaired once more to No. 5 Bramble Avenue.

Again the door was opened by the rather homely-looking girl with the sallow complexion.

"Oh! hello, Mr. Lovett," she cried, almost as though she had been expecting him. "Won't you come inside?"

"Thanks!" replied the young man, shortly, and he followed her into a dainty sitting-room, covered with an inlaid carpet and furnished in the modern style.

"Please sit down," said the girl, "my sister will be with you, presently."

Ted sat down with some misgivings and waited.

A few minutes later, he got up and paced the carpet. He was slow to anger, but he began to suspect that he was acting the fool. But what possible reason could Lucy Ackroyd have had for writing such a cynical letter? Twenty minutes later, by the grandfather clock in one corner, there entered the room a young lady, whose beauty caused Edward to catch his breath. She was dressed in some shimmering green material. Her hair was of a burnished gold. Her eyes were blue, large and wide set.

"Good evening," she said, calmly.

"Er—how d'you do?" he stammered.

"You wish to see me on some matter?"

"That letter you wrote," Ted gulped, "I couldn't quite—"

"The letter? . . . Oh! about the book? . . . What on earth possessed you to go to the trouble of bringing that book back to me—a stranger?" She still spoke calmly.

Ted flushed, floundered and became tongue-tied.

"Well, I—naturally thought—"

"It wouldn't occur to you that I might have left the book at Mrs. Fritch's—on purpose?"

"Of course not. Do you mean to tell me?—"

"I suppose you are a Catholic?"

"Then, there's something wrong with your 'supposer,' Miss Ackroyd," replied Ted, his temper beginning to fray. "Like an ass, I thought I'd be doing you a good turn, and it was a good turn for Mrs. Fritch, who kept intending to return it, when she wasn't so busy. . . . Incidentally, you left behind you, also, with that lady a very good impression. I brought it back with me, but, somehow, it doesn't quite seem to fit—"

Then Lucy Ackroyd laughed; it was an infectious laugh. It seemed to clear the air. She sat down, and with a gracious motion, invited Ted also to be seated.

"I apologise, Mr. Lovett. Really, I didn't mean to be offensive, or tempera-

mental. I merely wanted to get rid of that book, and it's coming back—rather upset me. To explain matters, I have had a row with a certain young man who has recently been converted to Catholicism. He's quite a decent sort, really, but pig-headed. We all have our faults, of course. But we never could agree. He actually tried to bully me into becoming a Catholic. He *has* managed to persuade my sister to think as he does. The climax came a month ago, while we were on our way to Bournemouth. We ran into a fearful storm passing through Waterhead village, so we decided to put up there for the night. Bert had been trying to make me study that book for days. Anyhow, we had a most unholy quarrel, as a result of which Peggy and I left him and Jimmie, and finished the journey by train.

"So now, Bert is no more to me than a brother, whose company I suffer, resignedly. The point is this: I feel there *may* be something in this new religion of his, but I wouldn't for the world admit it to him."

"I think I understand," smiled Lovett. "You know, I think there is something in it, too. I read that book twice before I brought it back to you. When you come to think about the Roman Church, with its independence, its certitude and—well, you can't dismiss it as quack doctrine. Other creeds mingle promiscuously and capitulate to meet the wishes of the public, but *they* say, in effect, '*We are the True Church: we cannot alter a single article of our Creed*'."

"Why! you're more convincing than Bernard" cried Miss Ackroyd.

"Very kind of you" smiled Lovett.

Miss Ackroyd left the room, and, shortly afterwards returned, bearing a tray containing tea and cakes.

"By the way," he said, "if it is your intention to —er— to destroy, or otherwise dispose of, that book—I can give it a good home."

"On second thoughts, I think it best—to keep it" she answered. "Candidly, I, too, think there is something in it."

"'To Lucy—From Bernard'," he murmured, significantly.

The girl laughed. "Bert always had a habit of doing that. Silly, I call it."

"I think he's right, anyway—I mean, so far as his religion is concerned."

"He is right in most things he does, and says, but—he never goes about them in the right way. He is—"

She checked herself abruptly, as the door opened. A young man entered. He was a big, powerful fellow, with frank blue eyes, which seemed rather to contradict the truculence and determination of his expression.

Ted sprang to his feet, feeling somewhat guilty. With a tautening of his muscles, he swiftly surmised that the other was his superior in weight by about two stones.

"Oh! it's you," said Miss Ackroyd, coldly, "I thought you were out for the evening." She turned to Lovett, "Allow me to introduce Bernard—my big, bullying brother. This is Mr. Lovett, who, with misguided kindness, brought back that book, which I deliberately mislaid at Mrs. Fritch's."

Bernard smiled as he extended a brown hand.

"Glad to meet you," he growled. "Decent of you to fetch back that book. Are you a Catholic?"

"No, but—"

"Bert," interrupted Miss Ackroyd, sweetly, "where your crude methods have failed—Mr. Lovett's refined manners may succeed."

"Good man! Good man!" laughed Bernard, heartily, and he pounded Lovett on the shoulder. "Say, that's a tip for the Spring Handicap to-morrow. Without being unduly superstitious, I think I'll put a shilling on 'Double Event' for the first race."

Ted grinned his famous grin. It was a great relief to know that "To Lucy—From Bernard" meant no more, and no less, than brotherly love.

“We Preach
Christ
Crucified”



“unto them that
are called . . .
the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXXVI.—JESUS APPEALS TO HIS FATHER : “ WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME ? ”

The first three Words of Jesus on the Cross were spoken at the beginning of the Agony, and before the darkness settled down.

When Jesus confided His Mother to the care of John, it was about the sixth hour (12 o'clock). “ And from the sixth hour there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour ” (Matt. XXVII, 45). Thus for almost three hours Jesus hung in the darkness without speaking, while His Mother and a few friends stood beneath the Cross.

The appalling gloom frightened the crowds. The taunts and blasphemies of priests and pharisees died away ; all earthly sounds were hushed. Meantime, on the Cross, the torture grew to the very limit of endurance ; yet the Divine Sufferer uttered no cry. The Evangelists who describe the Agony in Gethsemane have not attempted even to suggest what passed in the Soul of Jesus during those hours of darkness on the Cross.

“ And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying : ‘ *Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabackthani* ’ ; that is, ‘ My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ’ ” (Matt., XXVII, 46).

Jesus had spoken in the old Aramic, a language few of the bystanders understood, for they said : “ Behold, He called Elias ” (Mark, XV, 35). But His Mother and the friends beside her knew the meaning of the words ; they were a literal quotation of Psalm XXI, 2 ; showing that Jesus was still Master of His Mind even in this dereliction. What anguish that cry must have caused His Mother and the friends beneath the Cross, who had not forsaken Him ! The full price of His Mother Mary’s special privilege of sinlessness, and Mary Magdalen’s forgiveness of many sins is only now being paid.

Jesus cried out with a *loud* voice ; not loud that His Father might hear, but that the people should hear and know that He still called upon God as a witness to the truth, even in this hour of approaching death. He had called Him “ Father ” in the first word ; He calls Him “ God ” in the fourth.

Jesus was expiating the sins of a world that had rejected God. Your sins and mine were being washed away in His dripping Blood ; and in the agony of that atonement His Father forsook Him.

What unimaginable horrors drenched the Soul of Jesus then ! He had lived with God from eternity—He Himself was God ! The Beatific Vision with its infinite pleasures, was the Vision of Himself. His was the Presence of God in power, glory, and love. He, Himself, the Source of those infinite joys that forever and ever make heaven the home of light and splendour, and bring perfect happiness to the angels and saints.

Jesus had borne without complaint the desertion of the populace, and what was probably harder still, the presence of His loving, immaculate Mother and

the sight of her grief; but the withdrawal of the sensible Presence of God was not to be endured in silence.

He was expiating our sins; by them we had forfeited the presence of God *for eternity*; and that this might be restored to us, justice required that Jesus should suffer its loss *for a time*.

How Jesus could suffer, even temporally, the removal of God's sensible Presence, is not easy of comprehension; but it is necessary that we should consider it, if we are to appreciate this profound mystery of the Passion.

In Jesus Christ there were **two Wills**, the divine and human; and there were also the sensitive feelings of a human body and soul. His Divine Will resided in, and presided over, and directed the superior powers of His Soul; His human Will was in everything perfectly obedient to His Divine Will; and His Body and its senses were equally subject to His human Will.

But with all this, Christ felt pain and dreaded suffering, and shrank naturally from death, and this all the more intensely, because of His knowledge and experience of true happiness and Life eternal.

From the beginning of the Passion, God had been gradually withdrawing His sensible Presence from Jesus. It began in Gethsemane when the Soul of Jesus became "sorrowful even unto death," and reached its climax on the Cross, when with hands and feet nailed to the wood, and abandoned by so many He had helped, and in sight of His sorrowing Mother, and with the clear foreknowledge of the vast numbers who were not to benefit by His Redemption, His Father left His human Soul to endure alone. . . . All His previous sorrow and suffering were but gloomy foreshadows of this dereliction.

Forsaken by God! We cannot comprehend it, but we can reflect that Jesus was satisfying for the sins of the whole world. He was enduring the pain which was the just punishment of all sin, and all sinners. The duration of the sinner's punishment was to have been eternal, infinite as to time; and now the expiation of it is made infinite in its intensity, though only for a time.

"In that hour Heaven drew away from Him into the darkness: Hell alone remained before the Saviour's sight, wherein was disclosed that never-ending despair, eternal, infinite, even as the God Whose penalty it is."

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

The essential pain of hell consists in the eternal loss of God.

By sin, the sinner forsakes God. In hell God forsakes the sinner.

For our redemption God required Jesus to suffer this loss for a time.

In lesser degree we suffer at times from "feelings" of this loss of God.

Dryness in prayer—loneliness—God retires when we need Him most.

We only "feel" forsaken; God is always beside our cross in the darkness.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, Thy human soul being hypostatically united to God could never be separated from Him, but the effects of the dereliction on the Cross, were equivalent to the separation of God from Thy Soul.

In this sense, it wrung from Thee, the most awful cry that heaven, earth or hell has ever heard.

I am shocked—bewildered—frightened—afraid for myself, for I have sinned, and deserved to be eternally separated from God. Oh, my God!

In Thine all-embracing mercy, O Jesus, Thou hast endured all this for me; but I have still the fearful power within myself of incurring this penalty again. Oh! by the love Thou hast hitherto shown me, and the agony of desolation Thou hast sustained for me, keep me close and never let me be separated from Thee in time, nor in eternity.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

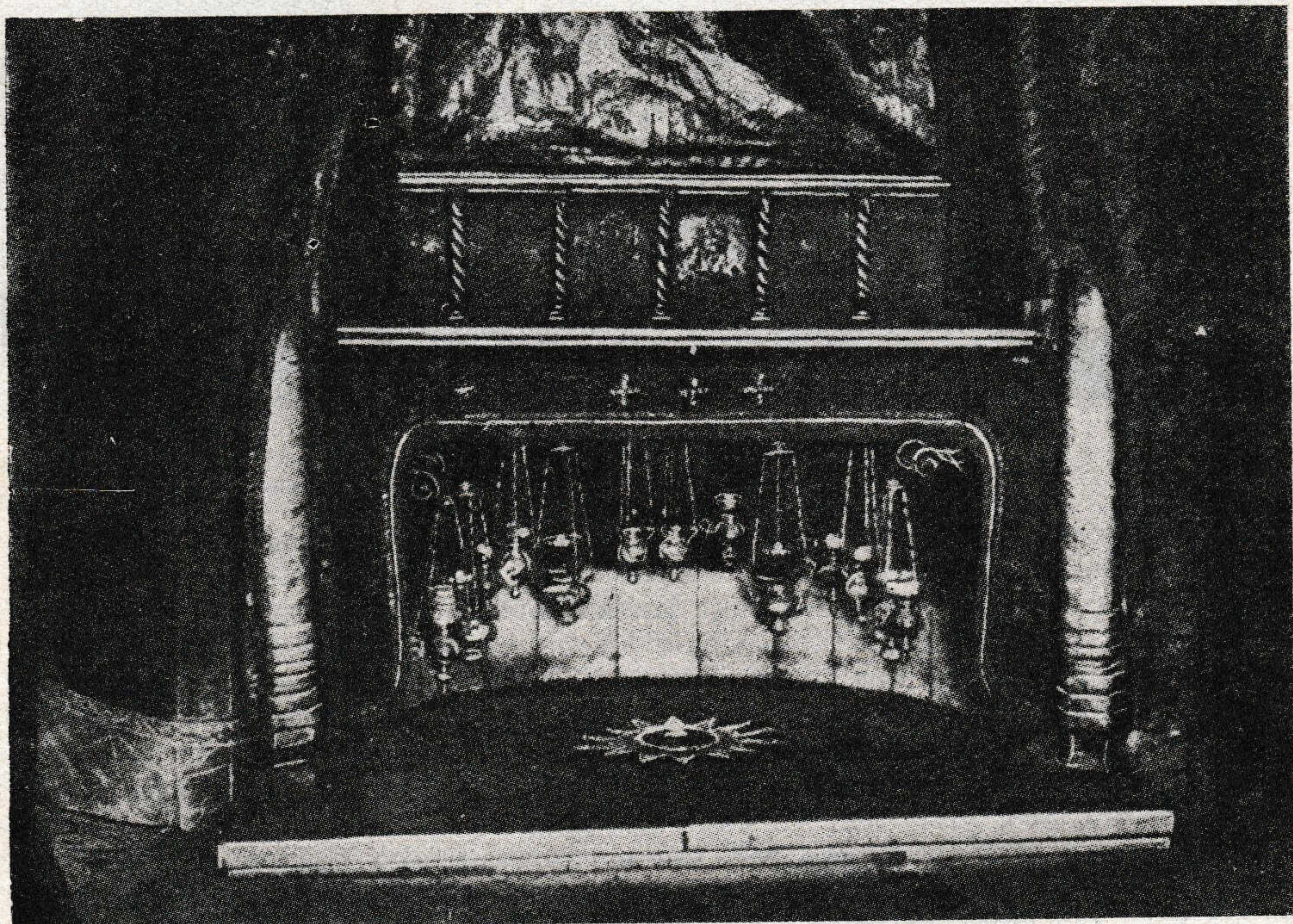
Edward Morrin (Father of Rev. Fr. Benignus, C.P.), Mary Sheridan (Mother of Rev. Fr. Kilian, C.P.), Wilhelmina Nolan, Catherine Keegan, Edward Farrell.

Constantinian basilica that has, during the course of the centuries, almost entirely preserved its primitive form.

It has five naves. Its plan is austere simple—a large Latin Cross.

It is a remarkable and unique fact that this monument in Palestine has withstood the ravages of the invasions and wars that occasioned the ruin of so many other sanctuaries. Twice the Turks tried to raze the basilica, but failed in the attempt. When a Sultan of Egypt tried to transport the columns and tables of marble of the basilica to his palace in Cairo, a huge serpent wriggled out, it is said, from the wall, bit at and split in pieces, in spite of their size, one length of marble after another to the very last column, strewing its path with debris, and, disappearing, left the workmen in profound dismay.

My first visit, of course, was to the Grotto of the Nativity, which forms a little crypt beneath the choir of the basilica. I hastened to see it and to kneel



THE GROTTO AND ALTAR OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM.

The vermillion star in the foreground is surrounded with the Latin text:

"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est": Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

there in that poor obscure spot where the Saviour of the world first saw the light of day, and where the Angels and shepherds and Magi adored with silent reverence the new-born Messiah. There, falling on my knees, overwhelmed with emotion, I kissed the star that indicates the exact place where Mary laid her First-Born, and read the words encircling the silver star: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." I felt myself transported back twenty centuries, and seemed to hear the echo of the angelic refrain: "Glory to God on high."

The joy and the peace that one experiences in such moments cannot be described. I remained there, I do not know how long; but soon the bells of

Bethlehem rang forth their joyous tones—the grand solemnity of Christmas had begun at Bethlehem. “First Vespers” ushers in the Feast, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem officiating. He is to arrive at two o’clock, but long before that hour the place is filled with a crowd whose numbers are every minute being increased. All at once a great wave of commotion ripples through the crowd—the Patriarch is coming. Some young men of Bethlehem, astride their horses, open a way for him, followed by an escort of soldiers. Then a priest, mounted on a white horse, carrying the processional cross, immediately precedes the automobile of the Patriarch. Numerous priests and religious in their choir habits are there to receive him. The Patriarch alights from the automobile, puts on his pontifical robes; then, to the tones of the *Te Deum*, the procession, followed by the whole Christian population, together with many Mussulmans, passes into the Basilica of St. Helena. It is a magnificent spectacle of Faith, and every face radiates with joy and happiness.

At 10 p.m. the bells again invite the Faithful to the church, and their ringing seems to toll the words of the Divine Office: *Venite, adoremus*—“Come, let us adore.” Matins is chanted with great solemnity, and our attention is especially struck by the “Invitatory” harmoniously rendered by the men’s choir, responded to by a choir of youngsters with pure silvery voices. This alternate chanting produces an inexpressible effect. It reminds one of that heavenly dialogue which took place, twenty centuries ago, between the Angels and the Shepherds.

After Matins, Solemn Pontifical Mass is celebrated by the Patriarch. It is midnight, and the silence of the hour adds an air of mystery to the solemnity of the occasion. The church is literally crowded with the Faithful, and all the Catholic Consuls of the Foreign Powers are present in the places of honour. When the Patriarch intones the *Gloria in excelsis*, the music, admirably interpreted and executed, seems like the chanting of the angelic choirs. Never before did the notes of the organ seem so sweet, nor the strains of the chant so heavenly, nor the perfume of the incense so agreeable, nor the lights of the great tapers so illuminating. You would think you were in Paradise!

Pontifical Mass ended, the procession forms near the Grotto. The Patriarch receives the image of the Infant Jesus, and, preceded by the clergy and followed by an immense crowd, carries it to the Crib, where twenty centuries ago Christ was laid by the Holy Virgin herself.

There the Deacon chants the Gospel of the Nativity, and after the words: *Et peperit hic filium suum primogenitum, et pannis Eum involvit*—“And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes”—he stops for a moment. The Celebrant then lays the Infant on the silver star, gets down on his knees and wraps Him in silken bands. This done, the deacon, continuing the Gospel, says: “*Et reclinavit Eum in hoc praesepio*”—“And laid Him in this manger” (Luke, ii, 7). Then the Pontiff arises, takes the Infant, and proceeds to place Him in the manger. It is a solemn instant. Tears of joy flow from every eye! At the very moment as twenty centuries ago, the *Gloria in excelsis* again resounds, all the bells of Bethlehem making the mountains of Juda reverberate with their thrilling echo: “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!”

Your attention is directed to the Special Notice on another page regarding the “CROSS ANNUAL.”

Have you ordered your copy yet? If not, please do so to-day.

Johnson's Wit and Wisdom

SEAN GALLAGHER

To a perky little Scotsman is due the credit of keeping the name of this great old moralist and philosopher so freshly green. With untiring energy Boswell garnered the fruit of the Doctor's wisdom and wit :: :: :: ::

IN the year 1737, just two centuries ago, there set out from Lichfield, a country town in Staffordshire, two young men who were determined to try their fortune in London. Each had fond visions of the English capital as "a great field of genius and exertion where talents of every kind have the fullest scope, and the highest encouragement."

Samuel Johnson and David Garrick were the travellers, and each was destined to reach an eminent height of fame in his own particular sphere of life. Johnson, then twenty-eight years of age, was regarded among his acquaintances as a good scholar and poet. His great tragedy "Irene" was near completion, and he intended to try its fate in the metropolis. Garrick, who had just attained his majority, went with intent to complete his education, and follow the profession of the law. From this, his original purpose, he was soon diverted, however, by his decided preference for the stage, and it was as an actor he achieved fame.

For a time after his arrival in London, Johnson led a haphazard life of drudgery, writing for the magazines. His tragedy was refused by Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, probably, because it was not patronised by some man of noble rank. It was not produced until ten years later, when Garrick had become manager of the theatre. His satirical poem "London" was offered to several booksellers before it was finally accepted by Mr. Robert Dodsley.

It is a curious fact, however, that Johnson's lasting fame rests not on the value of his own works, which are now virtually forgotten. To a perky little Scotsman is due the credit of keeping the name of the great old moralist and philosopher so freshly green. Boswell, with untiring energy, garnered the fruit of the Doctor's wisdom and wit into the treasure-house of his biography. With the phenomenal success of his *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson* he achieved a dual fame—immortalizing at the same time both the names of Boswell and Johnson. By many, the work is regarded as the greatest production in the history of English literature. Wherever the book is opened one finds recorded the Doctor's piquant opinion on some phase of life. The wisdom and aptitude of the remarks, which were frequently thrown out in coffee-houses after a moment's consideration, are a delight to study. One may not always agree with the Doctor's opinions, but the manner in which they are put or the uncommon angle from which a subject is viewed, generally gain the respectful consideration of the reader.

From this storehouse of wit and knowledge it is worth picking the choicest gems of a great mind. To-day, two centuries after Johnson's death, they have lost none of their lustre. They sparkle with a deathless brilliancy, charming both the aesthetic sense and the fount of truth that springs in the immortal soul of every human being.

Johnson was an intensely religious man. He belonged to the High Church, but numbered among his friends some celebrated Catholic divines. "To be of no church is dangerous," he once said. "Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example."

He had a great respect for the Catholic Faith, at a time when it was neither popular nor prudent to be identified as a sympathiser with Catholicism. On more than one occasion he vigorously defended the doctrines of "the old religion." Boswell once asked his opinion as to the "idolatry" of the Mass, and was simply but sharply answered with: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there and they adore Him." He supported the belief regarding Purgatory and the principle of praying for the dead. It is also recorded that he said: "A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery, may be sincere: he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held sacred as any thing that he retains: there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting."

On the subject of marriage the Doctor held some very pronounced views, and was convinced that it was the best state for a man in general. He laughed at the notion that a person could never be really in love but once, and considered it a romantic fancy. It is interesting to find that he agreed with the idea of "matches," such as prevail in the country districts of Ireland to-day, and said, "that marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances."

He did not approve of late marriages, however, observing that more was lost in point of time, than compensated for by any possible advantages. Even ill-assorted marriages, he thought, were preferable to "cheerless celibacy."

Boswell once censured a gentleman of his acquaintance for marrying a second time, on the plea that it showed a disregard of his first wife. Johnson ingeniously answered: "Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be considered that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time."

When a certain gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, however, married immediately after his wife died, the Doctor wittily described it as "the triumph of hope over experience."

A friend of his once confided that he wished to marry a lady whom he greatly admired, but was afraid of her superiority of talents. Johnson, in a cynical mood, one suspects, quickly answered: "Sir, you need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and that intellect not so bright."

On the subject of morals he was adamant, and refused to condone or make allowance for any wilful breach of the law. His biographer once asked him if it was not hard that one deviation from chastity should so absolutely ruin a young woman. "Why no, Sir," replied Johnson, "it is the great principle she is taught. When she has given up that principle, she has given up every notion of female honour and virtue, which are all included in chastity."

On the question of eating and drinking Johnson was credited with an epicurean taste, and is generally regarded as somewhat of a gourmand. "I never knew a man who relished good eating more than he did," Boswell writes. "When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment, his looks seemed riveted to his plate: nor would he . . . say one word or even pay the least attention to what was said by others till he had satisfied his appetite."

At one time of his life the Doctor was a heavy drinker. While admitting that he had no objection to a man drinking wine if he could do it in moderation, he frankly explained that he found himself apt to go to excess and eventually decided to do without it. On one occasion after dinner he harangued upon the qualities of different liquors, and having spoken very contemptuously of claret,

he summed-up as follows : " Poor stuff ! No, Sir, claret is the liquor for boys ; port for men ; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy."

But, Johnson's true attitude towards drink can be defined from the following dialogue that took place during a party at Sir Joshua Reynolds'. The question discussed was, whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Sir Joshua maintained that it did. " No, Sir," replied Johnson, " before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk, but when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy and loses that modesty, and grows vociferous and impudent : but he is not improved, he is only not sensible of defects. Wine gives a man nothing ; it neither gives him knowledge nor wit ; it only animates a man and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost—but this may be good or it may be bad."

" So, Sir," answered Sir Joshua, " wine is a key which opens a box ? "

" Nay, Sir," came the reply, " conversation is the key ; wine is a picklock which forces open the box and injures it. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine, which wine gives."

Johnson always wished to journey to Italy, because as he said : " A man who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On these shores were the four great Empires of the world : the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." Another time, he mentioned, " Greece appears to me to be the fountain of knowledge ; Rome of elegance."

The Doctor once defined poetry as the art of pleasing. Referring to translations, he said : " You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated ; and, therefore, it is the poets that preserve languages, for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language, if we could have all that is written in it just as well in a translation. But as the beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language."

Some of Johnson's pithy sayings are worth recording. Speaking once of a dull, tiresome man, whom he chanced to meet, he said : " That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one."

He thought a sea-life a wretched existence and remarked on more than one occasion : " A ship is worse than a gaol. There is, in a gaol, better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind ; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land."

During his last illness he made three requests of Sir Joshua Reynolds : that he would forgive the £30 he had borrowed from him ; that he would read the Bible ; and that he would never use his pencil on a Sunday. The last two are characteristic of the religious mind of the great man. Sir Joshua promised all three.

A few days before he died, Johnson said : " I would give one of these legs for a year more of life, I mean of comfortable life, not such as that which I now suffer." He was tended with great care by his faithful friends, and as the end approached, his mind became calm and serene. " I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded," he told his physician, and it is with pleasure that we realise that such a noble man died, " full of resignation and joyful in hope."

Cause of Father Charles

Unique Ceremony
at Mount Argus

Opening
of the Grave



GRAVE OF FATHER CHARLES, C.P.,
St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

A CEREMONY hitherto unique in Irish ecclesiastical annals took place at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, on Wednesday, November 3rd. This was the exhumation and canonical recognition of the remains of Father Charles of St. Andrew, Passionist, who died on January 5th, 1893. This ceremony marks a very important advance in the Cause for the Beatification of the Servant of God, and is one of the final steps of the Apostolic Process which is now almost complete.

Born at Munstergeleen, Holland, in 1821, Father Charles was ordained in 1850. For many years he laboured at Mount Argus, where his great holiness of life attracted vast multitudes as to a place of pilgrimage. The grave in which the mortal remains of the Servant of God had rested for nearly forty-five years, has been visited by increasing crowds of devout pilgrims who have sought spiritual and temporal favours through his intercession. Many thousands of petitions have been placed near his grave during the past twelve months.

The ceremony of the canonical recognition and authentication of his remains was attended by officials of the Court for the Apostolic Process and by other duly accredited witnesses. When the grave was opened, the coffin was found to be in a state of perfect preservation. It was reverently removed to the sacristy, where at twelve noon the doctors and officials of the Court performed their appointed task. His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Byrne, Archbishop of Dublin, who had personally known the Servant of God, was present when the lid of the coffin was removed, and was the first to view the remains.

The following officials of the Court were present :

Judges : Ven. Archdeacon Grimes, P.P., Harrington Street.

V. Rev. Canon McMahon, P.P., Clontarf.

V. Rev. Canon Sheehan, P.P., Terenure.

V. Rev. Canon Fleming, P.P., Rathmines.

Sub-promoters of the Faith : Rt. Rev. Mgr. Cronin, P.P., V.G., Rathgar.

V. Rev. Canon Flood, P.P., Arran Quay.

Notaries : Rev. T. O'Donnell.

Rev. J. Cosgrave.

Vice-Postulator : Rev. Fr. Gerald, C.P.

The official witnesses of the authentication were : Rt. Rev. Mgr. Watters, P.P., V.G., Iona Road ; Very Rev. Fr. Adrian, C.P., Provincial ; Very Rev. Fr. Cronan, C.P., Rector ; and Rev. P. Dunne. Also present were Very Rev. Fr. Kieran, C.P. ; Very Rev. Fr. Colman, C.P. ; Rev. Fr. Sebastian, C.P. ; Rev. Fr. Eugene, C.P., and Rev. Fr. Christopher, C.P.

The doctors in attendance were Dr. M. Russell, M.O.H., Dr. R. V. Murphy, and Dr. M. P. O'Brien.

After the ceremony the remains were replaced in a suite of coffins comprising a lead shell within an outer oak coffin. A brief account of the proceedings, written on parchment and signed by the witnesses, was sealed in a metal tube and placed in the coffin. When the official seals of the Archbishop of Dublin had been duly affixed, the remains were reverently borne back to the grave and re-interred.

The work of exhumation and re-interment was carried out by the following, who had been previously authorised under oath by the Court : Messrs. Leo Carroll, John Holden, Kevin Curtis, James Sargent, Robert Sargent.

.....O.....

~ An Irishman at Bethany ~

THE following extract from a personal letter to the Editor is of such general interest, that we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers. The writer is describing a visit to the Passionist Retreat at Bethany.

"On Saturday last, being free after lunch, I set out on foot to look up the local Passionists. You may be interested in a brief note of the journey across. Bethany is about six and a half miles from my quarters, and the shortest way to get there is to go up one side of Mount Scopus, cut across to Mount Olivet past the Kaiser's palace and the site of the Ascension, and down the south-western slopes of Olivet. The Passionist monastery is about three-quarters way down and about 250 feet above the level of the Jericho road which is almost a sheer drop.

"The view from the top of Mount Olivet is the finest I have ever seen. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but rolling hills, absolutely devoid of trees or any form of greenery. Then almost on the horizon the blue ribbon of the River Jordan opening into the Dead Sea, and beyond this can be plainly seen the mountains of Moab in Transjordan, a total distance of nearly 65 miles. To the south the view is not so impressive, but on every hill can be seen traverse walls of loose stones running across the slopes to prevent the very small amount of clay there is from being blown away in the summer or washed away in winter. The view from the other side shows the whole city of Jerusalem and the hills beyond to the west and north.

"However, when I arrived near Bethany I decided to ask some one where the monastery was situated. Seeing a gate with an iron cross on top of it set in a rather high wall on the side of the hill, I concluded that it was a Christian house of some sort and that they might be able to direct me. When I went inside I met an Arab water-boy leaving the courtyard, so in my best Arabic I said : '*Wain ed-dair Passionistbyihsin 'indak tkulli?*'—'Can you tell me where is the Passionist monastery?' He pointed to the house and said '*Frinsawiyi*,' which meant 'Frenchmen,' but at the time I didn't understand what he was getting at. However, I went up to the door and knocked, and presently a Passionist answered it.

"I was not yet out of the wood, as he didn't speak a word of English, having only Spanish and French. He motioned me inside, and going away for a moment, quickly returned with an Arab boy who spoke both French and English fluently. Using him as an interpreter, I introduced myself and made known my business.

The official witnesses of the authentication were : Rt. Rev. Mgr. Watters, P.P., V.G., Iona Road ; Very Rev. Fr. Adrian, C.P., Provincial ; Very Rev. Fr. Cronan, C.P., Rector ; and Rev. P. Dunne. Also present were Very Rev. Fr. Kieran, C.P. ; Very Rev. Fr. Colman, C.P. ; Rev. Fr. Sebastian, C.P. ; Rev. Fr. Eugene, C.P., and Rev. Fr. Christopher, C.P.

The doctors in attendance were Dr. M. Russell, M.O.H., Dr. R. V. Murphy, and Dr. M. P. O'Brien.

After the ceremony the remains were replaced in a suite of coffins comprising a lead shell within an outer oak coffin. A brief account of the proceedings, written on parchment and signed by the witnesses, was sealed in a metal tube and placed in the coffin. When the official seals of the Archbishop of Dublin had been duly affixed, the remains were reverently borne back to the grave and re-interred.

The work of exhumation and re-interment was carried out by the following, who had been previously authorised under oath by the Court : Messrs. Leo Carroll, John Holden, Kevin Curtis, James Sargent, Robert Sargent.

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Her Missing ~ Banknote

*****@*****

ALICE DEASE

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In five minutes they would be due at their destination. Could she give the stranger's bag a little pull and look inside? She opened it quickly—and there, neatly folded away, was her five-pound note!
.....

A DAY'S shopping in Dublin was rather hard work, from Ballygolden, when the car was out of order, but even so, Mrs. O'Connor felt she must go and buy the family Christmas-boxes. She had saved up five pounds to spend, and her husband had changed it into a single note, the night before. It would thus take up much less room in her handbag than the silver which he swept away into his drawer, and he advised his wife to be sure to put it in the purse that was provided purposely, in her bag.

It was necessary to be up well before dawn on these short winter mornings if one was to have breakfast and start off for the train to Dublin, which was used comparatively seldom now, since the car had practically taken its place.

All the children had their suggestions to make about the presents. First it was Eileen: "O Mummy, you won't forget, will you, that I really do want a new pair of gloves and a pair of stockings, too, to match my best dress." Then Hughie: "You know, don't you, Mum, that my camera is practically useless, I thought if I just put this advertisement into your bag—the one in the picture is exactly what I want."

Rory's wants were not quite so definite: "I expect, Mum, you remember that we all like sweets best from —, and do you think a home-made cake looks good enough if any of the fellows look in when they are down for the hurling on St. Stephen's Day? and, by the way, my *camán* is a disgrace, and I'm sure you wouldn't like to see me in the old sweater much oftener——"

The younger members of the family still spoke, at least, as though they still believed in Santa Claus, and not in their father and mother, acting in his name. Humphrey was the first to make a suggestion: "Santa is sure to get me that last Meccano, isn't he, Mum, and I expect he is sure to have seen the other things in this catalogue," and a crumpled list was thrust into her hands.

"I want a new frock" Sheila sang out, gaily, making no bones about it. "You know the sort, Mummie, even if Santa doesn't."

"Mummie!" whispered Mollie, already a bookworm, though only eight years old. "You know the books I want, don't you? I've written down their names just to remind you, on the back of Humphrey's catalogue."

Mrs. O'Connor had to make her own selection from all these things as well as from her own ideas for the children, and the five pounds had also to provide presents for Dad and the household. It would require some management and calculation to make sure that everyone had something. "But," she added, cheerfully, to herself, "it must be done."

The benefits of the Shannon Scheme had not yet reached Ballygolden, and a dimly-lighted house did not help in the flurry and fuss of getting off to the station. However, it was finally managed, though the train was already in when Mrs. O'Connor reached the station, and she had a rush along the platform and no time for anything but an injunction to her husband to be sure to have her met—"And all the parcels, remember——" at the last train in the evening.

As they steamed out, Mrs. O'Connor looked at her solitary companion in the first-class carriage that was a necessity before and after such a long day.

The other traveller had evidently come from some way further up the line, as she was a stranger to Mrs. O'Connor. Rather prim, the latter decided, and she had had a hurried departure such as she herself had had, well she had got over it very nicely.

Early as it was, Mrs. O'Connor soon closed her eyes. Her husband was right. She must collect her thoughts before embarking on the work of so busy a day. Closing her eyes, however, had a different effect. It soon developed into a good sound sleep, and when she woke up she saw that the train was within half an hour's run of Dublin. She would only just have time to go through her list once more.

The boys' catalogues were littering up her bag, and after deciding what she would buy, she tore up the remaining pictures and—no, she couldn't open the carriage window to throw them out, for her companion, seated beside it, was still asleep. She opened the division of her handbag, setting its contents in order, and finally giving a glance into the purse to see that the precious five pound note was safely there—and it wasn't!

In a panic she turned everything out, putting them back carefully, one by one, but no banknote was among them. What could have happened? It was not a corridor train, and no one had come near the carriage since Mrs. O'Connor had got in. But no. It was impossible that the prim lady sleeping in the corner could——? They had reached the distant outskirts of the city. In five minutes they would be due at their destination, and the lady in the corner was sleeping still, her bag lying beside her on the seat of the railway carriage, just as Mrs. O'Connor's own had done. She had her umbrella with her—and it had a crooked handle. Could she? Dared she just give the stranger's bag a little pull and look inside? The owner slept on, and Mrs. O'Connor did dare. She drew the bag towards her and opened it quickly. There was a purse attachment inside it, just like her own. And in the purse, folded up, just as she had last seen it, was—her five pound note!

There was no time for consideration, certainly no time in her crowded day for accusation—besides she would have to own what she herself had done. She just pushed the bag back to where it had been, put the retrieved money into her own purse and waited for the train to stop. She felt she had done a cowardly thing, yet—no, she did not dare to accuse her fellow-traveller of stealing her money. She had it back, and that was the main thing.

So she closed her bag, pretended that she also had only just woke up, and when the train reached the terminus she got up, without a look at her companion, and made her way quickly to the street.

In the first shop she entered, she cashed the note, thanking God that she had got it back safely, and then began the spending of it. How quickly it dwindled away, as her heap of parcels and cloakroom tickets increased, and what a lot of other things she would have bought if she had had the wherewith. Even Clery's basement and Woolworth's stores carried off too much of her carefully-collected store.

When all her money was spent, the tea and buns of a lady's shopping day strengthened her for making her way back to the station, where a porter helped her to collect her parcels from the cloakroom and stack them in the railway carriage which was filled, to her relief, with acquaintances and friends. There was no prim, sinister stranger in the corner this time. The journey home went quickly. Mrs. O'Connor hated to recall the episode of the morning, though she consoled herself with the thought that there was nothing else to be done.

The side-car met her at the station, and there was a good deal of manipulation before all her purchases were stacked-up safely beside her. The children's boisterous greetings had to be returned, and strict injunctions "word of honour" that no parcel would be opened. Daddy was out, until dinner-time, they said, as she made her way upstairs, wearily, to her room to prepare for that welcome meal. What a lot she would have to tell him. About the five pounds and everything. At the dressing-table she glanced at her tired face in the mirror, then her eyes fell on the pincushion that stood below. And there, neatly folded up, just as she had left it, was—her five-pound note!

Christmas ~ Homecoming

.....@.....

MAY NEVIN

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Liam knew that if he lifted the latch of one of the cottages and greeted the occupants, he would not be left standing outside. But Ccrrebeg seemed different. Christmas was robbed of its joys ::
.....

TWILIGHT and the fields of Meath about him and a lone star trembling with muted joy like the star of Bethlehem. Liam O'Growney, familiar with the bustle of American cities, found himself listening to the silence pregnant with the beauty of the unexpressed which stirred him strangely like the memory of lovely things half forgotten, just glimmering through the mists of the past: like strains of music drifting over a void; like the stirring of life in the grey of dawn.

Before he was aware of another's presence a voice greeted him from out the dusk.

"Soft night."

The greeting was not curtly spoken, but kindly, with the suggestion of a question. For to the passer-by cycling hard, Liam's face was blurred. That he was a neighbour was taken for granted. 'Twould be the oddest thing in the world, or rather, in this particular part of the world, not to know those one met.

Green sloping fields with a blue mist rising from the grass and the horizon suggestive of a sea beyond. The mist was responsible for the suggestion. Over the night air came the soft moo of a cow. There was a loneliness in the sound; in the sight of the white gate yonder. Only a field lay between that gate and the cluster of trees which in the deepening shadows looked like a group of women in close confabulation. The trees marked the churchyard where generations of local folk lay sleeping—Liam's mother included. The visit to her grave there to-day was one of the incidents that made desolate his Christmas home-coming. This was all his rainbow-chasing had done for him!—kept him away from his loved one when she most needed him. Yet, old Nan Ruadh, who nursed her in her last illness, told him how his mother exulted in the pot of gold found at the rainbow's end. Of course, Nan did not title his literary success a pot of gold, though the money slipped into her rugged hand to-day probably made her fancy such was his find. Her expression of gratitude and incredulity stirred the curtain of darkness enveloping him.

The awful sense of desolation threatened to embitter Liam.

In the field between the trees and the gate stood the Moat that he always fancied was a field which generously humped itself to house the fairies with which legend inhabited it; for hills were rare in this part of the county. The top of the Moat was worn bare like the head of an old man, and twin streaks of brown down its face like two wrinkles. Many were the feet trod that same Moat.

Liam knew if he lifted the latch of one of the cottages in the district and greeted the occupants with a "God save all here!" he would not be long left standing. The semi-circle around the fire would be broken and a seat found for him. And from the old man or maybe the woman of the house seated in the corner, he'd hear history not found in Ireland's annals: of ghosts and fairies; of the Hedge School taught in the shadow of the Moat; of the days of '47, when the potato crop failed and gruel was cooked and distributed, and of his own great-grandfather—or was it his father's great-grandfather?—who, unlike his neighbours, picked the potatoes and treasured, like nuggets of gold, the "paureens" which provided seed for his family during that lean year. Maybe he would hear,

too, of the tar barrels set blazing on its height during the hectic days of the Land League, when Michael Davitt and Parnell swayed for political honours.

But Liam did not wish to hear these stories. He had written them all; winged with words that made him one of the greatest stylists in the modern literary world, he had sent them flying about America; and now, just prior to his leaving, they were set in its heart. *Correbeg*, the book over which his mother exulted, because she recognized the spot where she lived all her days, because it proved that her son's heart was lingering there, set him on the summit of his hill of ambition. And when he deemed the time ripe for his return, his mother died.

Christmas was robbed of its joys. *Correbeg* seemed different.

And yet he lingered there in the chill of the December night until the fields slept and the cold penetrated through the thickness of his coat. Only then did he stir and move away. 'Twas all the same where he went. What did anything matter? Fame, wealth *she* was gone. His gaze tried to penetrate the darkness, but failed. Only presently he noticed specks of light pricking the darkness. He stood and wondered, and then remembered. The Christmas candles! Not a window in *Correbeg* but would send its welcoming beacon to travellers in commemoration of that first Christmas Eve when the Holy Travellers walked through the darkness of inhospitality and unfriendliness. And looking at the lights, feeble in his eyes familiar with New York's electric signs, his thoughts drifted backwards. And instead of returning to the town, as he intended, he wandered around, lured by the homely illuminations.

Wasn't this what he had done as a boy? Wandered around counting the candles—gloating over them because they represented Christmas. Christmas? The very sound of the word used to warm him with holy, simple joy in days when material wealth was unknown to him and his widowed mother. Queer, since leaving home, the word seemed empty. He thought manhood made the difference. Or was it *Correbeg*? Queer the loneliness and longing that surged within him now at sight of those candle-lit windows. Boyhood days how sweet they were!

Walking through the night, Liam dreamed to the theme of Moore's song.

People passed him. He did not look at them, but stray bits of conversation reached his ears.

"Happy Christmas!"

"Same to you, Tom. 'Twill make a hardy night, after all."

"He's hearing below before Mass."

Memories thickened. And because he was lonely; in the light of those memories, Liam followed the people. *Correbeg* chapel was marked by the soft radiance of its windows.

Liam slackened his pace. The picture was part of his dream. In fancy he heard the strains of the *Adeste Fideles*, saw himself, a shabby, red-nosed boy kneeling there beside his mother, his eyes shining because Christmas was here again: Christmas that meant, not a time for earning extra money, for winning the praise of critics with yuletide stories, but the Birthday of the Christ Child.

Queer how much he had drifted in America. Queer how he could not find happiness in *Correbeg*—till now.

Because the atmosphere of Christmas stole out through the humble door of the little church and invited the returned exile.

Softly Liam stole in and took his place beside the row of old neighbours waiting at Father Moran's confessional. Someone stooped over and gripped his hand.

"You're welcome home! Glory be to God, it's your poor mother'd be proud to see you this night—the light an' glory o' Heaven to her!"

Liam felt he had come home.

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER XII.—*The Further Shore.*

DURING the time Evelyn was visiting her, Diana had seen nothing of Alan Penrith. He had had to go to America to see to matters connected with his invention, to protect the right of the Firm he represented as well as his own. It surprised Diana greatly to find how eager she was for news of him, and how glad she was to get his letters. Although those same letters spoke chiefly of his work and the interest of travel in America, there were usually phrases, at the most, half a dozen words that constituted for the girl, the whole letter, and they told her with perfect clarity what it was she wished to know. Word came at last that he was due back on the sixteenth, and that he was coming straight down to Goose Common, news that set Diana's heart quivering. Yet before that auspicious day dawned, something else happened to cause greater surprise.

Maggie came to her one day with the message that there was a gentleman downstairs wishing to see her. When she entered the room she felt there was something vaguely familiar in the sight of the tall, elderly man standing by the window, though she could not think at the moment where she had seen him before. At her entry he turned round and dispelled all doubt. It was William Hall, of whom she had caught just a brief glimpse the day she visited Evelyn in her flat.

"Won't you please sit down?" she said courteously, yet with a sinking of her heart. She could well understand now how it was that Evelyn had declared herself madly in love with him, for there was something forceful, dominating, and yet attractive, about his whole appearance. He was tall and slender, with the erect, well-groomed appearance characteristic of military men. His hair was grey, yet quite abundant, and his face, though somewhat florid, looked sunburnt and healthy. But for his eyes, which were

slightly bloodshot, and set too close to his hawk-like nose, Diana would have considered him a remarkably good-looking man.

"When I tell you that my name is Hall, you will perhaps understand the nature of my errand. You have heard of me, as I have heard of you, Miss Stainsforth. How long is this farce to continue?"

Diana, though inwardly shaking, met his look with clear, unafraid eyes.

"I was unaware that a farce was being played, Mr. Hall. Perhaps you will enlighten me as to your meaning?"

"You will not deny that you have lured my fiancée from London with some trumped-up excuse about painting pictures on the walls of a chapel—a chapel, here!" He looked around as though expecting the walls to crumble before his withering glance.

"There is neither excuse, nor is it trumped-up," rejoined Diana, more quietly than she felt. "Miss Barry is down here completing a commission for me. She is at work this very moment, upstairs, freely, under no compulsion or coercion whatever. And," she added, very slowly, "it is news to me that you are engaged."

"Well, perhaps not officially, but she is the girl I mean to marry. Don't hide it, don't pretend to me, Miss Stainsforth, for Evelyn wrote me all about you. You are the influence taking her away from me—bringing her back with talk about souls and eternal salvation, and hell fire and all the rest of that rot. Don't deny it!"

Then Diana rose, splendid in her anger, her grey-green eyes aflame.

"No!" she said, and her voice shook a little. "Why should I? Why should I deny that I prayed and hoped and used every bit of power I possess to break an influence I felt to be worse than death for her? She is nothing to me, Mr. Hall; she is a perfect stranger whom I met under strange circumstances. The only thing that counts

with me is the fact that she is a Catholic, and therefore entitled to a fellow-Catholic's help in distress, and warning in danger and temptation. Even though your marriage has been set aside by the State, in my eyes you are still a married man, bound to another woman and not free to marry. Nothing that is wrong can ever be right because others do it. I could not stand by and see such a union as you contemplate come to pass."

"So you chose the mean way, eh?" he said, cuttingly. "You sneaked her away where I could not see nor speak to her; you worked on her feelings, frightened her so much that she agreed to do what you told her, for she is but a child still. Why are you hiding her from me? Are you afraid?"

Diana went to the door and threw it wide.

"Listen carefully, Mr. Hall. You can walk upstairs now and find her at work in the chapel. Put the case before her and ask her what she means to do. She has had time, away from you, to ponder well the step you propose. If she consents freely to marry you, under the conditions you have made, you still being the husband of another, you can take her back to London with you now, this very hour. Can anything be fairer than that?"

Mr. Hall looked at Diana a long moment as though scenting a trap. Then without a word he turned into the hall and began mounting the stairs.

DIANA went back into the room and shut the door. She was trembling so much she could hardly stand.

"What have I done?" she asked herself, piteously. "I have laid her open to his influence without warning her; will she be strong enough against him? Oh, God! make her strong—make her strong——" She fell on her knees, closed her eyes, and with outstretched, pleading arms, began to pray.

William Hall found the door at the top of the stairs ajar. He knocked, pushed it wider, and entered. Evelyn

was seated quite comfortably on the top of a ladder, at work on a painting on the wall. When she looked round and saw him she evinced neither surprise nor pleasure. She greeted him quite kindly and went on working, turning her smile on him now and then. In all the time he had known her he had never seen her look so lovely, or more aloof. Yet there was a subtle change in the expression on the childlike face under its cloud of curly golden hair, a change he felt was more spiritual than physical. A little nonplussed he came up and held out his hand. "How are you?" he asked.

"I never felt better in my life," she said.

"I'm glad to hear it. Are you nearly sane again? I mean are you nearly finished with this madness of playing around with saints and angels, and ready to come home? I have taken our future home on a long lease, Evelyn, and I would like you to see it."

"Your future home, you mean, William. It can never be mine, now."

He was so thunderstruck that he could only stand and stare. Speech left him. Evelyn continued to wield her brush steadily, without a tremor.

"You mean that? You mean you are not going to marry me?"

She inclined her head.

"Was it the girl downstairs did this? I suppose she has a great influence over you—you took her advice?"

Evelyn's look was a trifle pitying.

"No. She didn't come between us. He did!"

He followed the direction of her glance, puzzled; on the wall above the place where the altar was destined to be, was an excellent copy of Murillo's Crucifixion. Evelyn had caught well the still desolation of that Figure, half the face hidden by a cloud of matted, blood-stained hair. The pathetic droop of the Head, the thorns, the distended arms, the rigid Feet, all were portrayed with a stark ruthlessness that caused an uneasy pang to strike the beholder's heart.

"You know, William," said Evelyn musingly, "when I first met you I

thought you were the finest man I had ever known. To prove it I was willing to give up everything; my home, my career, my religion, my independence, the goodwill of my friends, I would have counted well lost for you. But since I came down here I have changed my mind."

HE did not speak. She added a deft stroke or two to her work. He stood there at the foot of the ladder, waiting for her to go on.

"Maybe I was a little mad. Freedom in the modern world is apt to go to one's head, together with the idea that we are masters of our fate, captains of our soul—and that kind of nonsense. The tragedy begins when one can contemplate most grievous sin without turning a hair; can even call it by a fancy name to disguise its awful hideousness. In that stage we are blind and deaf and dumb to all but our own will and desires. Yet, sometimes even in this materialistic age, God still works miracles. He has worked one for me."

"How so?"

"I was blind and He made me see, deaf and He made me hear, dumb, and He opened my mouth. For some time now I have been reproducing on these walls scenes from His Passion. A painter, to get life in his picture, must live in it; that is, he must think, feel, visualise the scene he wants to put on canvas; and this time I have spent contemplating His Passion has cured me. William, it was all a ghastly mistake. I have never loved you, and now I could never think of marrying you."

"I have not been mistaken. . . ."
It was more a plea than a statement. "I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. I love you still."

"Yet love would never work harm to the object of its affections. That's what you'd be doing if I married you."

"Evelyn, you are worked up about nothing. This mood will pass like the others. You will be able to see things more clearly when you are away from

the influence here. Think well what you are going to do."

"I never saw more clearly than I do now. It is all so simple, really, nothing vague or involved about it. Black is black and white is white, and there are two ways to tread, right and wrong."

Her features were thinner than when he saw her last, but the sharpening of the clean line of her jaw and chin gave a noble look to her face. She looked calm and collected; this decision she had made evidently involved no heart-burnings or distraction of spirit. Her hand was perfectly steady as she put in the dark folds of Mary's mantle in the sad scene at the graveside.

"Shall you come back to town, to the old place, when this is over?" he asked.

"No. I may as well tell you, now. I am joining a religious community, that is, if they will have me after a period of trial."

Mr. Hall made a queer sound in his throat.

"One person at least, will be glad of that," he said, and he spoke with an effort, "your brother, who once threatened me with personal violence."

"Yes, you are right. Alan's ideas are always straight and definite. The Church Militant, I call him. He will say that at last I have got my senses back."

She looked down at him calmly and steadily, and in that space he realised she was gone from his hold as surely as the swift trout eludes the unskilful fisherman. If she had been excited, or hysterical, or built-up on her change of front, he still would have hoped; but she was so calm and definite and decided that he knew it was over—the snare was broken and she was delivered out of his hand.

"I don't suppose we shall ever see each other again," she said. "Good-bye, William."

"Good-bye!" he answered, "and please remember that in this matter I acted according to my light." It was an appeal and an apology all in one. He went downstairs and across the hall

and down the flagged path, looking neither to left nor right; and so into the highway and out of her life forever.

WHEN she came downstairs to tea, Diana said: "So Mr. Hall was seeing you? Did you give him the answer that will make him a happy man?"

"Yes, Diana, I did, although perhaps he does not see it in that way as yet. I have given him the answer that, in his better moments, he will be glad to remember. He took it well, I must say; it left him as outwardly unperturbed as did Alan's threats a few months back."

"Alan?" asked Diana, alive to the power of that name. "Who is Alan?"

"My brother, Alan Penrith; but of course he is not really my brother—he is only my step-brother—what on earth is the matter, Diana?"

Diana had gone pink and then white, and she leaned eagerly across the table.

"Is he a photographer—commercial art—working with Bransholm?"

"Why, yes, I do believe that is the name of his Firm. At present he is in America, seeing after his old invention. I had a brief note from him just before he sailed, warning me to get rid of Hall before he returned, or when he got back he'd punch his head! He is a dear soul is Alan, but a trifle impetuous—tell me, how do you know him?"

Diana explained.

"Well, of all the things! I'm not a bit surprised at this happening, for I see very little of him except when he takes a fit of brotherly care; but he never pokes into my private affairs, no more than I do into his. He met Hall once and disliked him on sight, and once they had words on religious matters that I was sure would end in blows."

"He is coming here, Evelyn, and I had a note to say he would be along on the sixteenth, the day after to-morrow!"

"Oh, we must have the chapel ready then! I'm just doing the last Station. Do you think if we managed the altar in and the statues placed, that Father Blandford would bless it? We

could easily put in the other things afterwards. I'll run along and see to it right now."

She flew upstairs, and then paused as a strange thought struck her.

"Diana!" she called.

Diana appeared below at the doorway.

"Why is Alan coming here to-morrow?"

Diana's smile was very charming as she looked up.

"When I knew you first, Evelyn, I used to be sorry we were strangers, often I wished I had a sister like you."

"And so—what?"

"Well, the day after to-morrow I may have you for a sister, after all."

There was a little silence while Evelyn allowed this to sink in. Then:

"Oh, you never told me—you mean girl—and when will the congratulations be due, darling?"

"Oh please don't be impetuous! It might be the real thing, or not at all!"

"Not if I know Alan! Oh I am so glad!" She danced upstairs and executed a wild saraband on the landing.

ALAN arrived on the sixteenth as promised. The little oratory was finished and blessed by Father Blandford. John Peter Paul had learned a whole poem to recite to Alan, while Maggie had baked a special cake in his honour. It came to Diana that only she of them all stood waiting to receive him with empty hands; yet it was to these hands he came first, as a matter of course. It was amusing to watch the expression on his face as he caught sight of Evelyn standing behind Diana in the doorway.

"What is she doing here?" he demanded. "How did she get to know you?" as if he were jealous of his sister's freedom in Quain.

"Through the paper," answered Evelyn. "Now don't ask any more questions until after tea, and I will tell you the whole story. I warn you, some of it doesn't make very fine reading."

During tea, Alan explained his delay in returning.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

VISIT "AD LIMINA"

What is the meaning of the phrase "*ad limina*" used in connection with the visit of a Bishop to Rome? Must every Bishop go to Rome every year?—"A Dublin Reader."

The visit "*ad limina*" is a visit "to the thresholds (of the Apostles)," i.e., to the tomb of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and to the successor of St. Peter, the reigning Pontiff. It must be made, personally if possible, by every Archbishop and Bishop-in-ordinary of the Latin rite every five years; and by vicars-apostolic and prelates-nullius; but for Bishops outside Europe, once every ten years is sufficient. Each Bishop furnishes a detailed report of his diocese, its spiritual and temporal affairs, its moral, social, intellectual, financial and canonical condition, together with relevant statistics.

The visits are arranged in rotation according to a schedule set out in Canon 340, s 2. Commencing in 1911, visits are paid by prelates as follows:

First Year: Bishops of Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and Malta.

Second Year: Bishops of Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Holland, England, Scotland, Ireland with the adjacent islands.

Third Year: Bishops from the rest of Europe.

Fourth Year: Bishops of America (which includes Canada, U.S.A., Central and South America) and the adjacent islands.

Fifth Year: Bishops of Africa, Asia, Australia and the adjacent islands of those parts of the world.

NOT A HOLIDAY.

Please state if the Feast of the Apostles SS. Simon and Jude (October 28th) is a holiday of obligation.—"B.B." (Co. Kerry).

No; the Feast of SS. Simon and Jude is not a holiday of obligation. The calendar-clipping which you enclose is a misprint. The Editor of the publication might welcome a letter drawing his attention to the error, which seems to have caused a widespread misapprehension.

ADDRESS WANTED.

Can you please give me the address of the Guild for shorthand-typists mentioned in a previous issue of "*The Cross*"? I find I have mislaid my copy containing it.—M. G. (Dublin).

The address is: Secretariat, "St. Genesius-Bond," St. Catherinestraat, 32, Eindhoven, Holland. The information given appeared in *The Cross* for July, 1937, copies of which may be obtained through the Editor. You will readily understand that we cannot undertake to repeat here all former particulars.

SUPPORTING THE CHURCH.

J. H. (Cork), T. F. (Dublin) and others. The answer given to this question in the November issue of *The Cross* was a particular

answer to a particular question. Regarding the wider question of what each person should contribute in proportion to their income, it can only be left to the conscience of the individual. Undoubtedly there is an obligation arising from divine, natural and ecclesiastical law, of contributing to the support of our clergy in proportion to our means. Canon 1502 declares that the particular laws and laudable customs of each locality are to be observed. Positive law has not determined the proportion or amount to be subscribed by individuals. Theologians have declared that those who omit to fulfil this obligation cannot *per se* be held guilty of grave sin, save in the case where the omission is culpably due to avarice, or else would cause the rest of the faithful to be burdened to excess. In practice in these countries the obligation is met by contributions at the church-door, by the payment of Christmas and Easter dues, by suitable offerings on special occasions, e.g., baptisms, marriages and funerals, by subscribing to special collections for church purposes and by the offering of stipends for the celebration of Holy Mass. From the interest aroused by this query, it would appear that many have found reason to examine their conscience with regard to this obligation.

COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

Why are the majority of Cardinals always of Italian nationality?—"E.Q." (Dublin).

At the present time the College of Cardinals is nearly equally divided between Italian and non-Italian Cardinals. They are the senate or cabinet of the Catholic Church, assisting the Pope in the government of the Faithful over the world. Since a cabinet should be in close touch with the presiding official, it is required that the Cardinals reside in the City of Rome itself. No Cardinal can live outside Rome without Papal approbation. Since most of the non-Italian Cardinals are resident Bishops, with Sees outside Rome, it follows that the Italian Cardinals, most of whom are non-resident Bishops, are left to conduct the routine business of the Sacred College. They have a peculiar fitness for this work, having been trained for years in the methods of the Roman Curia. Moreover, the Italian Cardinals find it easier to live in Rome than most outsiders.

RELIGIOUS BROTHERS.

Will you kindly explain why Orders of Brothers do not become priests?—M. A. M. (Co. Antrim).

There may be many reasons for this. No doubt, the spirit of humility and the desire to give themselves unreservedly to the cause of education and correction, as the case may be, prompt the Brothers to remain as they are. Freedom from priestly obligations gives them power to concentrate on their particular task.

CORRESPONDENCE

HANDICAPPING THE EMIGRANTS.

MANCHESTER,
13th November, 1937.

DEAR REV. FATHER,

The recent horrible tragedy in Kirkintilloch has again drawn attention to the conditions under which many Irish workers have to live when they cross to England and Scotland for seasonal labour. That affair, one hopes, will have the effect of ensuring that no such conditions will be permitted in the future.

There is a larger class of emigrants that seeks to find permanent work across the Channel, work of a better quality. But many of them are unduly handicapped when they try for jobs better than those requiring merely sturdy arms. The remedy in this case can only be applied at home. And it is little short of amazing that the need for such remedy should to-day be so glaring.

In connection with the efforts of a certain Society it is my mission now and again to try and help newcomers from Ireland to find decent positions. Time and again my efforts have been useless. All because of the defective knowledge of the three R's displayed by the emigrants themselves.

Here are three recent experiences. A youth of about twenty, a fine chap, was sent to me. He came from a good home, but didn't like farm work. So he had sold up a little holding left to him by an uncle, crossing to England to find a job. I secured him an interview with the departmental manager of a big store.

A few days later I saw the manager: "I'm very sorry about that chap you brought to me the other day," he began. "A fine-looking lad, and I'd be glad to take him on. I tested him with a simple sum. Hopeless! A lower-three youngster'd leave him standing. As you know, he'd be no use with us if he can't tot-up. . . ." I tried again, with a similar result, even a more depressing one. The interviewer suggested that the candidate should go to school. Shortly afterwards the young man sent me a card to say I needn't trouble any more on his behalf. He had found a job. But I discovered later on that in despair he had joined a labour gang. Now he seems doomed to wield the pick and shovel for his lifetime.

The next was a girl ambitious to take up nursing. In spite of the unpopularity of nursing with English girls, because of the hours and the work, the better-class hospitals demand a secondary education standard in applicants. A friendly matron offered to relax that rule if she liked the girl. After meeting her, the matron gave her verdict: "A born nurse." There remained but one formality, a formal application form in candidate's own handwriting. That application form contained so many spelling mistakes that the matron dared not submit it to the governors. It began: "I beg to aply." And so domestic service is the only job left for the girl with the positive gift for nursing.

The third experience concerned a youth who had some skill as a motor mechanic. But his skill was nullified by his inability to write a passable hand. "I ask you!" wailed the man who had to turn him down: "Would you feel like paying an account made out in that kind of illiterate scrawl? Wouldn't you think it a joke?"

Each of these three people came from a different school. They were all keen and alert, anxious to get on in the world. A good grounding in the three R's would have made all the difference in their prospects. Because of their lack they are merely units in the army of the great unskilled.

T. K.

.....©.....

Deo Gratias

Thank God for the light of the sunshine,
Thank God for the darkness of night,
Thank God for all things that He gives us
Thank God! for His gifts must be right.

Thank God for the scent of His flowers,
Thank God for His birds' sweet song,
Thank God that as on life's journey I tread
His blessings are shown right along.

Thank God for the thorns by the way-side,
Thank God for the Cross I must bear,
Thank God though the hill is a steep one,
He is with me—my burden to share.

Thank God for the light that is shining
At the top of the hard steep hill,
Thank God I may merit my resting there,
By doing His Holy Will.

A. MARMION.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers
of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

CHRISTMAS! What memories, joyous and golden, rich with fragrance and peaceful beauty, the word awakens! How the heart glows at the very mention of it, and how we pity those who do not know its true meaning, those outside the fold of friendship with Christ who have never tasted the real bliss of this glorious Day of the commemoration of the Birth of Our Divine Lord, the Saviour of all mankind. List! there the bells are pealing, Christmastide has come once again and we, who have prepared for the great Feast of the Church, hasten to welcome the little Christ Child. In spirit with the shepherds of Judea we gather by the rude manger and gaze with wondering eyes on the new-born Babe while we offer Him the shelter of our hearts, and all the love and worship of our souls. O, gentle Babe of Bethlehem, Redeemer and Child-King, look tenderly on each and every member of St. Gabriel's Guild, and bless all of us who come in spirit to your Crib with your divine gifts of purity, peace and joy, and especially a great love of your Holy Law, so that when our days are over we may kneel with Mother Mary and St. Gabriel at your blessed Feet in the eternal Christmas of Heaven.

MY POST BAG.

This month my post bag is brimming-over with pleasant little notes and lovely essays, all breathing the spirit of the Nativity of Christ and the holy atmosphere that surrounds the Crib. Our young people truly understand its deeper meaning and its wondrous glory. I am sincerely pleased with all the essays received. There is a big batch of letters from St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, here beside me. My friends there are ever mindful of *Francis* and the Guild. It is a joy to read their letters, which carry the sunshine into a winter's day, and enliven the passing hours. There are two new members from there, JOHN LANGLEY and MARY

BARTRAM. Both are most welcome. JOHN LANGLEY is a fine essay writer, and I feel sure he will be running off with some of our prizes in the coming months. Look to your laurels, all of you. I enjoyed Mary Bartram's nice letter, with all the interesting little scraps of news. I hope she will be happy in the Guild. Thanks, dear FREDDIE SMITH, for grand letter and kind invitation. *Francis* is simply longing to go wandering through the beautiful gardens of St. Gerard's in the pleasant company of all our little friends. Think what walks and talks we should have. Perhaps some day an airship will bear me thither. I am glad to hear from ERIC CAVE that "everybody is looking fine," and Eric himself will soon be up and about. PETER SWALES is a kind-hearted little boy, full of generous thoughts for his young comrades. TEDDY DOHERTY is much "too lazy to send even a line to *Francis* this time." We must stir him "on with a stick," Eric. Not a word has come from Teddy! It is good to know MAURICE WEDGE has made such progress.

QUARANT ORE.

A charming letter from EAMON ANDREWS reached me too late for acknowledgment in last month's issue. Here is his beautiful description of *Quarant Ore* in the church of the Little Flower, South Circular Road,

IMPORTANT.

- (1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.
- (2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls Five new members.
- (3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.
- (4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

Dublin: "Last month," writes Eamon, "the Forty Hours' Adoration took place in our church of the Little Flower—the first time since the church received its new marble altar and marble surroundings. It was a wonderful sight! The flames of the swaying candles reflected in the gleaming marble seemed to bow and pay homage to the clear white Host, serene and majestic in the golden monstrance. Wisps of incense drifted up like silent sentinels. Kneeling in the fitful shadows were those who had come to watch with Him. Their lips moved in silent prayer. The rustle of beads was soft and low. A peaceful security pervaded all, and so for forty fleeting hours incessant homage was paid to our King." Yes, Eamon, your church is beautiful. I, too, have sensed its peace and the sweetness of the Divine Presence within its walls. You have a talent for descriptive writing, Eamon. Be sure to send your essays before the closing date for competitions in future. A dear, little letter from MAREA O'SULLIVAN, Presentation Convent, Caherciveen, says: "I am anxiously awaiting the next *Cross*. Sister read some lovely stories from *The Cross* as a reward for being good at our catechism exam. 'By Strange Paths' and the lovely story of Tom, the little crippled boy, were the nicest of them all, I thought. The girls who did not get *The Cross* before that, decided to get it after having listened to some of the beautiful stories." Next year *The Cross* will be better than ever, and the Editor has a store of delightful stories to please young and old. Don't forget to order *The Cross Annual*. There you will find hours of reading to fill your Christmas days with sheer joy. The lovely letter from MARIE T. HORAN lifted my heart up. The photograph is indeed sweet, and I can read in her bonny face that the great desire of her heart is likely, please God, to be fulfilled. She has my best wishes and prayers for her success in her high ambition. Some day I hope to see little Marie Thérèse tripping up the steps to *The Cross* Office.

"THE CROSS ANNUAL."

MARY McANDREW, like all of us, is on tip-toe with excitement awaiting the arrival of *The Cross Annual*. "I need not tell you," she writes, "that I need great patience until it comes out." Soon Mary's longings will be gratified, and SHEILA McANDREW is sure to find all that she desires in its pages. It will outrival all its predecessors this year, and will be packed to the brim with the very best of literary fare. PAT PALMER is enthusiastic

over his football successes. He wishes JOE McSHORTALL were along with him to share the excitement of the game. Yes, they are fact, not fiction, MARY PALMER. Your letter is a treat, and I wish you would continue writing essays, for you have a pleasant and original style that is all your own. I shall expect one of your breezy letters for Christmas. God bless and have you ever in His holy keeping. KITTY KINSELLA is truly overjoyed with her prize book. I am looking forward to hearing of your success. Perhaps I might slip in to see you all in "As You Like It." Who knows? Another lucky winner, ELEANOR DARGAN, is equally delighted over her success in capturing a prize from St. Gabriel's Guild. "It is so engrossing," she says, "that I would defy anyone to leave it down until the last page is read to the very last word." I am glad to hear St. Gabriel has been so good to her. May he ever be her guide and protector. Sorry to hear my little friend has been ill. Thanks to CONNIE FLYNN for her card.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best Christmas story or legend, the prize is awarded to KITTY KINSELLA, 70 Rathgar Avenue, Rathgar, Dublin.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Crib and its Glory," the prize goes to KATHLEEN CORR, Brigidine Convent, Mount-rath.

In the competition for the best joke, the prize is awarded to MAREA O'SULLIVAN, Presentation Convent, Caherciveen, Co. Kerry.

JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "My Plans for the New Year."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "Reading and its Pleasures."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the nicest letter to Francis.

SEND BEFORE DECEMBER 10TH.



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